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THE NINE O'CLOCK BELL.

BY EMMA MARIA CASE.

From yon ancient belfry high,
Tapering toward the star-sown sky,
Falls a clangor—wondrous sweet,
Pulsing up and down the street,
Urging home the tardy feet.
"Nine o'clock," the echoes say,
Dying, quivering away—
"Nine o'clock—nine o'clock—
Shut the door—make fast the lock!"

Lovers, loitering down the walk,
Cease to whisper tender talk!
Happy children at your play,
In the moonlight, 'cross the way,
Hark to what the echoes say,
Searching, wandering up and down,
Through the drowsy little town,
"Nine o'clock—nine o'clock,
Children, cease your merry talk!"

Yes, the hour of rest has come,
And the voice of toil is dumb,
Yet the night bird's dolorous strain
Purges out—now dies again,
Like an anguished soul in pain;
Roses, running o'er with dew,
Shedding sweets the long night through,
Listen to the bell's sweet air—
Drop your heavy heads in prayer!

Still ring out the dear old tune,
Through the languid heats of June,
Autumn's mists and winter's snows,
Through the maddest wind that blows,
Through spring's resurrected glows;
Perched within your eyrie high,
Very near to God's pure sky,
Still let fall your clangor sweet—
Hurry home the loitering feet!

A ROMANCE OF MY YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

Years ago, ere I had learned to coin my brains into money, I was at Newport. It was August, the season was at its height, and I was the belle of the place. On the intoxication of that brief period of adorable youth and transcendant beauty!

"The soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall."

And I the queen of the dance swayed to the long strains of the melody. Ah there is something in that enchanted time of flowers, and sunshine, and love, that can never come again through all the changing years of the most eventful career; and even now the distant echoes of those days steal up from "the long ago," like the mysterious strains that chimed over the blue waters of the Mediterranean from the faerie islands of the ayrons.

The intoxication, the charm, the romance, come to memory like the fragments of a dream

"Remembered not with passion's power,
But oh! remembered still!"

Is it any wonder that young folks are reckless, forgetful of the hard facts of life in those short, happy years when they view everything through an enchanted medium, and can no more see stern realities than "true Tooman" in faerie land, could tell withered leaves from heaps of sparkling gold!

It is not surprising then that I fell in love with Henry Fielding, though he was only a penniless army officer. I first saw him at one of the great balls of the season. I had been dancing, and paused, flushed, panting, and excited, in front of an open window looking out on a balcony. The faint sound of the distant waves crept in, a solemn undertone to the light music of the valse, the fresh sea breeze touched my heated brow. I turned to catch it more fully, and our eyes met. He was standing just outside the window—a slender, handsome young man—yes, and Aunt Clara acknowledged that he was handsome. So that it was not merely the glamour of my youthful glance that made him seem so. He had large, dark eyes, and as our glances met and mingled, I seemed to see deep down into those dusky wells, and to view his soul, eager, passionate, tremulous to meet mine. A strange thrill passed through me, and I knew that a new interest in life had arisen; hitherto I had been a butterfly floating on the lightest of summer zephyrs; hereafter, like Undine, I had received a soul, and was swimming, breast high, in the great river of life.

I have often wondered what would have happened if I had never seen him again! Would the recollection of those eyes have haunted me through my life, making all other love impossible, and leaving me with a vague hunger of the heart forever unappeased? or would I have forgotten the unknown stranger, and danced on, a senseless butterfly, to the end!

Such forgetfulness, however, was not to be; a quarter of an hour after I first saw him, Lieutenant Fielding was introduced to me, and in another moment I was waltzing with him. Ah, that dance! scarcely anything was said—once or twice only I ventured to look into his glorious eyes. But as our hands clasped, each of us felt that closer and closer together were drawing the ties that should bind us to each other irrevocably. When we paused at last, I asked him the common-place question—

"How long have you been in Newport?"

"I only arrived this afternoon."

"Have you ever been here before?"

"No—and I should not have come now, but for what you will perhaps think a singular reason."

There was something so significant in the tone, that I asked, quickly,

"What was that?'

"You wish me to tell you?"

"Yes, I insist."

"I must obey your commands," he replied. "But if I thus accept your sovereignty, you must promise to pardon me if I seem too audacious."

"You are pardoned beforehand," I said, laughingly; "I fancy your offence will not be a very heavy one."

"You shall judge. I came here to see you."

"To see me; but, Mr. Fielding, I can't understand—I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"No, but I have heard of you. Fanny Molton"—the name of my most intimate friend—"is my cousin. She showed me your picture, and told me of you. Shall I tell you what she said?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "Fanny is a flatterer; I can guess what nonsense she would talk."

"It was not nonsense," he answered, earnestly. "It was less than the truth."

"You are very good," I murmured, uttering the conventional reply.

"If it troubles you, I will not repeat her eulogy," he said. "But now that you know my offence, am I pardoned?'

"Yes, certainly, any friend of Fanny's"—

"No, no?" he said, impatiently, "that is not enough; forgive me for my own sake. Do you?" very eagerly.

"Yes." But my eyes fell under the ardor of his glance.

"And something more, fair queen. I am under orders to leave in a fortnight, to go far West to fight the Indians—that means to danger, and perhaps to death. May I be your slave for the short period of my stay?"

I looked at him now—even at that moment the dark shadow of that impending separation seemed to fall upon me with a chill of its despair. Once again our glances met and mingled as I said,

"Yes."

As I spoke he clasped my hand in his, drew his arm around me, and without a word we whirled once more into the dance.

From this moment Henry Fielding was my devoted attendant. We danced together so often on that first evening as to attract much comment—and in another week "our flirtation," as the world called it, was the common theme of our friends.

Already other gentlemen drew back when Henry approached, recognizing in him the favored attendant. As for myself, I made no secret of my preference; no words of actual avowal had passed between the young soldier and myself—but each had the other's heart, and I knew that he loved me as wholly and passionately as I loved him.

Aunt Clara became seriously alarmed at last, and one morning when I returned from a long solitary ramble with the Lieutenant, called me to her room and took me to task.

"My dear Edith, it really seems to me that you are going on rather desperately with this young Mr. Fielding—aren't you?"

"I cannot go, Henry," I faltered.
He dropped my hand as I drew back.
"Farewell!"
There was a step, a plunge, and I stood alone on the overhanging cliff.

Aunt Clara was herself a fashionable woman, who I think as a rule regarded the care of me as rather a bore, but had a feeling of pride which prompted her to wish to secure a wealthy *parti* for her orphan niece.

"My dear aunty," I replied, "I don't know how desperate I may be, but I am quite willing to acknowledge that I am fond of 'going on,' as you call it, with Mr. Fielding."

"What!" exclaimed Aunt Clara, raising her eyebrows in languid horror, "you don't mean that there is anything serious between you!"

"No—not yet."

"Not yet!" and she actually sat upright in her chair. "Do you intend to signify that you would think of accepting this penniless soldier if he were to make you an offer?"

My eyes fell and the color rose to my cheeks as I murmured, "I believe I should."

My aunt for a moment seemed almost speechless with horror, then slowly she gathered her forces to remonstrate with me on my madness. Did I know that Henry Fielding had nothing in the world but his pay, the pay of a second lieutenant, a mere beggarly pittance, and was I willing to sacrifice myself in that way? I had made a decided sensation this season, was certainly a success, might count on making a really good match; it was the rankest folly to throw myself away after this fashion! A good deal of this sort of argument my aunt used; and when she found this had little effect upon me, she fell back upon the pathetic, and asked me in really feeling accents how I could be willing to inflict so much mortification on her and so distress my uncle.

Here she touched a tender chord in my bosom. I was very fond of Uncle Fred; he had always been kind to me, and I believed was really attached to me. I realized that any rashness on my part would pain him deeply, and I promised my aunt before we parted that I would not enter into any engagement until I had consulted him. He was not expected in Newport for another week.

The result of this conversation in no wise altered my conduct towards Mr. Fielding. I held myself only bound not to accept him without conferring with my uncle, but not bound to deprive myself of his society for the short time yet remaining of his furlough.

Three days before the one fixed upon for Henry's departure, he asked me if I would walk with him that evening to the Cliff. There was something in the deep regard of his eyes as he asked the question, and something in the trembling tones of his voice that conveyed to me the idea that on that walk I should be asked to link my fate with his, and as I accepted the invitation I felt the telltale color rise to neck and brow.

All day long I was thinking and dreaming of the evening, but I gave no hint of the contemplated expedition to any one. If Aunt Clara had the slightest thought of a proposed walk she would consider it her duty to prevent so great an impropriety. Both Harry and I knew this, and without making any arrangement in words, we succeeded in eluding her vigilance, and nine o'clock found us two unattended on our way towards the Cliffs. We had been obliged to make almost a run of it at the last, and had hurried on so breathless to escape observation, that we had had time only for a few laughing words until now that we stood on the rocks secure at last.

We were alone with the restless ocean and the silent night. The great Cliffs rose around us gray and massive, overhanging the waters which dashed into foam at their feet. The wide expanse of sea stretched out before us dark, mysterious. Overhead hung the great vault of heaven, star-gemmed with the countless suns of other systems. There was a low moon, and the pale, ghastly glimmer was reflected back from the ever shifting waves.

Henry took my hand to guide me down the rocks to a seat, and when he had found for me a little secluded nest where I could sit at ease, he boldly placed himself beside me.

"Edith," he said, "Edith," and his voice lingered over the name as if there were intense pleasure in syllabling it; "Edith, I love you!"

His arm slid around me, and he drew me unresisting to his breast. All day long I had been thinking of this moment and planning what I would do. I would not discourage him wholly, but I would by no means betray my whole secret and tell him how unutterably dear to me he was, above all there should be no weakness of caresses on my part, and yet now I seemed utterly powerless to resist! For a few wild moments I never even thought of my promise to my aunt or of anything but my own overwhelming happiness.

"Henry! Henry!" as I trembled to meet his kiss.

"My own darling!" he murmured, "I have loved you with all my soul since I first saw you. I have thought that I must wait a little while before I told you this. But my own! my own! I can tell you all now if you will listen to me."

And I did listen while he poured out his heart in language that was eloquent at least with truth and earnestness, and then at the end—

"Let me hear you say that you love me and will be mine," he entreated.

This aroused me to a recollection of the rashness, almost the treachery of my present action. I half withdrew myself from his embrace as I said as steadily as I could—

"Yes, Henry, I love you—but I cannot give you any promise now—"

"Why not," he demanded impetuously. "I have given you my life, my soul! and can you answer me with any half-withholding of your heart?"

"But, Henry," I urged, "I cannot at once on so short an acquaintance pledge myself to you without the consent of my relatives."

"So short an acquaintance!" he repeated indignantly. "Do you measure our knowledge of each other by cool calculations of days and hours? Why, Edith, I feel as if I had always known you, and had loved you for an eternity of the past, as I shall love you for the eternity to come."

"Listen to me a little," I entreated. "I am very young, as you know, only eighteen, and I cannot enter into any engagement without my uncle's consent."

"And yet you love me?" he asked, clasping my hands and looking eagerly into my face.

"Yes," I faltered, "I love you, Henry."

"How much?"

"More than I ought to tell you."

"No, no!" he cried, "not more than you ought to tell me. Say with your whole heart and soul, with your own life. For see what I am going to ask of you. Edith, I received my orders to-day—I must leave here this very night."

"So soon!" I exclaimed, and my distress must have been written on my face, for he clasped me to his heart once more, and for a few moments thought only of soothing my sorrow.

"My darling! my darling! you do love me," he said at last with intense exultation. "You do not wish to part with me."

"No, no!"

"You need not then, Edith, you shall go with me."

"With you, Henry?"

"Yes! I leave here to-night to rejoin my regiment which goes at once to Fort Hazard, fifteen hundred miles from here among the Indians. Edith, it will be three years before I can return. Unless you go with me you will in all probability never see me again. Edith, will you fly with me to-night?"

For a moment I was as one stupefied by this amazing proposition. Then I began to urge a little reason upon my lover, and a wild and stormy scene followed. Henry would listen to no promise except that of absolute surrender and immediate flight. Even if I became engaged to him, after formal consultation with my friends, he was convinced that I would never marry him.

"During the three years of my absence you would have a score of suitors and I should be forgotten," he said. "No, Edith, you must come with me to-night or never."

In spite of his entreaties, in spite of the promptings of my own heart, I resisted. God knows I thought I was doing right! Henry became fearfully agitated, his entreaties grew more agonized. At last to end a scene that had become so distressing I arose.

"Henry," I said, "I love you, and I think I shall never love any one else. I will do my best to persuade my uncle to consent to our engagement, and long before these dreadful three years we may meet and be married, but I cannot, no, I *cannot* fly with you to-night."

"You mean you will not," he retorted fiercely as he stood beside me. "Edith this is life or death to me. Once more, will you go with me? Before you answer, mark my words, I shall not survive your refusal. Will you go with me?"

"You are fanciful," I said, trying to smile. "If we do part now, we are young, and we shall yet meet in happiness."

"No, there can be no happiness for me but this; my resolution is taken. An eternal union or an eternal separation."

At this moment the sound of voices came towards us, breaking in upon us above the monotonous rush of the waves, showing that the speakers must be very near.

"It is my aunt!" I cried in terror.

Henry seized my hand and drew me suddenly towards the edge of the cliff.

"Edith," he said, "you have not answered. Once more, and for the last time, will you go with me? See, we can take that turning and escape them yet. The boat sails in half an hour. Do we part forever, or will you go with me? Edith, love, my life is in your hands, will you take it?"

Never shall I forget the deep earnestness of his tones, the strange hunger of his eyes, the warm clasp of his hand on mine.

"I cannot go, Henry," I faltered, and as I spoke my name was called sharply from above.

"Edith!"

I looked up; my aunt and uncle stood on a rock above my head.

"You refuse absolutely?" once more came the agonized whisper.

"I must go to my aunt—"

He dropped my hand as I drew back.

"Farewell!"

There was a step, a plunge, and I stood alone on the overhanging cliff. Henry had fulfilled his threat, we were parted forever!

When I regained my full consciousness, weeks had elapsed since that night, and I was at home in New York. I had been prostrated with a violent fever, and so weak, even after my partial recovery, that it was long before I could ask any questions.

Yes, they had found his body at the foot of the cliff, and buried it with the honors due to a soldier. "It was a shocking accident," my aunt said to me significantly. "It was most fortunate that your uncle and I were with you at the time, otherwise there might have been unpleasant rumors. But as it was, no one wonders that you were ill after such a shock. See what lovely flowers Mr. Lambert sent you this morning; he has been very attentive since you have been ill."

So it ended, the first bright romance of my youth. Years have elapsed since then, and other pleasures and pursuits have arisen in my life, but still some strain of music or some careless word will awaken with tremulous tenderness the unforgotten memory of that distant past.

AN ECONOMIC DEVICE.—At a certain hotel in Ohio they seat a man at dinner in front of a mirror like the concave side of a cylinder, which makes his reflection that of a thin, hungry, lantern-jawed, cadaverous chap. When he isn't watching, the waiter flops it round, for the thing works on pivots, so that the convex side is turned out, and the diner, upon again looking up, is startled to see himself swelled out to the extreme of corpulency, like a champion fat man. Of course he doesn't dare to eat any more. He feels that if he did he would burst, and the soul of the landlord is made glad by this economic device.

☞ The Lake Tahoe and Central Pacific Railroad tunnel will be five miles long, through solid granite, nineteen feet in height, and twenty-one feet wide.

☞ A good name for a street railway conductor is "Oscar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1871.

OUR NEW PROSPECTUS.

A correspondent asks information relative to our new Prospectus. It will be ready in a few weeks.

Another asks, whether we intend offering to new subscribers for 1872, three months gratis, as we did last Fall. We answer emphatically that we do *not*—for two reasons.

1. We do not think our old subscribers like it—as it seems to give the new ones an unfair preference over them.

2. We contemplate such expensive improvements in THE POST, that it will be utterly impossible for us to do anything of the kind.

We design making our paper so good that there will be no necessity for bribing new subscribers to take it, either by the offer of "Three Months Gratis," "Premium Engravings," or anything else. And our experience is that subscribers who have to be bribed by outside inducements to take a paper or magazine, are worth very little after they are obtained. You make nothing out of them the first year, and the next year they fly off to some other periodical, offering something better, or at least something different. And the attention of the editor and publishers is perpetually diverted from the improvement of the paper itself, to the getting up of new outside inducements. We have given the gratis and the premium engraving business a fair trial, are disgusted with it, and shall get out of it entirely as soon as we possibly can.

The Sewing Machine Premium, however, we shall still continue. It may not be of much advantage to us, but it certainly is to very many ladies, whose means do not enable them to obtain a sewing machine in any other manner. Therefore we shall continue this Premium for at least another year.

The Sea of Galilee.

What the traveller will see when he catches his first eager glimpse of the limpid sheet of water will be a small oval-shaped lake, thirteen miles long and six broad. It is evidently of volanic origin, and the earthquakes which have rent the walls of Tiberias, as well as the hot springs at several places in the vicinity of the lake, show that volcanic agencies are still at work. All along the eastern side runs a green plain, which, except at one spot (the probale scene of the destruction of the swine after the healing of the Gadaren demoniac,) is everywhere about a quarter to a half a mile in width. Beyond this rises, to the height of about 2,000 feet, an escarpment of desolate-looking hills, scored by various ravines, and having a plateau at the top. As there are neither trees nor villages to be seen on that side, and no signs of cultivation, the view in that direction has a certain monotony, but this is atoned for by the air of mystery derived from its very desolation, and from the fact that even in our Lord's times it was so unfrequented that He had but to visit it when he required the refreshment of solitude. It was of this lovely shore that we are reminded in the lines of the beautiful hymn—

"'Come to a desert place apart,
And rest a little while,'
So spake the Lord when mind and heart
Were faint and sick through toil."

It was somewhere among these featureless hills—probably toward the north-eastern corner of the lake—that he fed the 5,000 who had flocked after him on foot; it was somewhere about those gray ravines that He spent the night in prayer. And how many times must his eye have rested with pleasure on the dimpling surface of the inland sea! a sight delightful in any region of the world, but doubly refreshful and delicious in this sultry land.—*Dean Stanley.*

"To Die is Gain."

It is a universal statement universally disbelieved. I have searched the graves of twenty graveyards, and not a marble slab or shaft, plainly wrought, or chiselled in costly design, bore this immortal assertion. I have prayed above a hundred coffins, and watched the faces of the mourners anxiously; not one betrayed a knowledge of this sentence. I have carried a bright face to the funeral chamber, and spoken the words of cheerful faith; and men have marvelled, revealing their skepticism by their surprise. I have found it hard to persuade men that death is sunrise; but when I compare the conditions of this life with those of the next; when I set the body sensual over against the body spiritual, the mind in bondage over against the mind emancipated; when I have bowed myself over the white face, beautiful as it lay in deep, unruffled peace, and remembered how passionate and painful was the life; when I have stood beside the dying, heard their murmured words of wonder, their exclamations of rapture, and seen a light, not of this world, fall upon their faces as they touched the margin of the great change—I have said, "Death, thou *art* a gain."—*Rev. W. W. Murray.*

THE WHITEHALL (MICHIGAN) FORUM.—Our talented correspondent, Miss Corey, now Mrs. Schaeffer, has assumed the editorship of the Whitehall Forum, which has been purchased by her husband, the Rev. J. G. Schaeffer, pastor of the Congregational Church in that place.

We wish Mrs. Schaeffer all success in her new vocation, and congratulate the readers of the *Forum* upon having a lady of so much talent and taste to cater for their intellectual instruction and amusement.

☞ Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience.

☞ An epicure's motto—Lettuce eat.

☞ In Vienna, matrimonial advertisements in the newspapers are forbidden by law.

☞ A good conscience is better than two witnesses—it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty, a staff when you are weary, a screen when the sun burns, a pillow in death.

EVE.

PART I.

I lay at full length upon the gray sands of the lovely Kentish coast, with an old worn fishing-smack serving for protection from the broad noonday glare and the fervency of an August sun. Lay with tired, half-shut eyes and looked out dreamily upon the deep blue main where the white sails shone silvery under the golden beams of the god of day.

Suddenly I heard a woman's voice issuing from the other side of the tiny bark which sheltered me.

"Dreaming, Eve! always dreaming the hours away! What in the world can you find to dream about?"

And then an answer came in a low, full and most melodious voice. A voice that thrilled me through and through. I held my breath, and listened with strained ear for the voice to come again.

A silvery laugh rang out on my ears; I resisted no longer the promptings of inclination, but lifting up my head from its sandy pillow, took a furtive survey of my neighbors, and looked for the first time on my *Fate*.

A broad straw hat shaded the low white brow and small oval face, that was entframed in sun-kissed hair falling in bright wreaths down to her very waist. Eyes of truest blue, with a pensive look in the pellucid pupils; straight clear-defined brows, and marvellous lashes, and tiny features, with a pair of exquisitely-cut lips, so fresh, so red, so smiling.

But even as I gazed, the laughter on them was suddenly hushed, and replaced by an expression of fear. Wringing her hands, she sprang hastily to her feet, and rushed to the edge of the beach, crying out,

"Helen, look! Harry is drowning!"

With a bound I reached the water, just in time to plunge in and seize with one strong arm a little white waif, with pallid face and clinging rings of golden hair, that the great salt waves were carrying off in triumph on their huge shoulders as a propitiatory offering to Neptune in his palace of coral.

Then, breathless and dripping like a gigantic water-spaniel, I deposited my small burden safe in the girl's white outstretched arms, that closed on the restored treasure like a vice, while the true blue eyes shot a silent thanksgiving upwards. Then they looked at me humidly, gratefully, while the pretty lips, from which all the bright scarlet had completely faded, quivered very piteously.

"My mother will bless you forever," she tried to articulate plainly in her agitation. "My little brother is the pet; and if anything had happened to him, she would never, never have smiled again. O, I cannot thank you enough!"

And she gave me the tribute of an eloquent glance instead, amidst a shower of big glistening tears, that rained down on the little face that she kept pressing close against her breast, as if fearful that some new danger might arise to snatch it away.

"You have nothing to thank me for," I said as quietly as I could, hoping by measured accents to soothe her emotion a little; but I never felt less calm in all my life. Outwardly I stood still and impassive; inwardly my soul was trembling and shaking under the power of the first breath of passion that had come to stir it. "I am only too thankful I was by to help you. Let me carry him home," I suggested. I pitied the girl who could barely support the feathery weight she held; but I knew my offer was not suggested by mere compassion for her physical weakness.

I felt a violent uncontrollable desire to pursue the acquaintance Dame Fortune had thrown in my path, and nothing on earth could have induced me to give up the chance of looking again and again on the sweet face before me. Meanwhile Helen, whom I had rightly judged in my own mind to be of a sensible and practical turn, had quietly vanished from the scene of disaster on the recovery of the child, in order to accelerate the needful preparations for averting further mischief to him in his semi-drowned condition.

"Harry has a very great antipathy to strangers when he is in his senses, even to those who look kind and good," she added apologetically. "But I think I may venture to give him in charge of you in his present state of unconsciousness."

And she bent anxiously over him for a moment; then she lifted up a very white face, and faltered out slowly, with big startled eyes looking wildly in my own,

"Surely he is not dead, after all, is he?"

I did not wonder in the least at her terrible surmise; for the little one's features were cold and set, as though Death had imprinted his seal upon them, and his fingers were tightly clenched and interlaced together; but I was skilled enough in medical art to know that such appearances might naturally arise from the violent fright his mind must have received.

"It is only the effects of alarm that he is suffering from; he will be all right presently," I reassured her in earnest tones; and she seemed to have faith in me at once, for the troubled look on her face changed into an expression of serenity, and pressing one kiss on his cheek, she put him gently and confidingly into my arms.

Side by side, slowly and silently, we walked towards her home over the sandy shore. I was not shy by nature, nor unsociable in disposition; but now I could not for the life of me think of one appropriate sentence to break the silence. It seemed to me as though any commonplace remark would be an insult to her, whom my soul had suddenly deified into an object of worship. Suddenly a pale apparition, with silvered hair and sable garments, caught the boy from me, and sitting down with him on the sands, sobbed great sobs that made my heart bleed and my eyes grow strangely dim.

"Mamma, mamma, please don't," pleaded my companion; and down upon her knees fell the slight form, while two serious orbs gazed imploringly up into the mother's face.

I stood beside and looked on, feeling that henceforth the sight would never leave me—knowing that those tearful accents would one day breathe the fiat of my earthly destiny, that those blue eyes had already become the day-stars of my whole life.

"There is no cause for anxiety," I ventured to remark after a little while, trusting to stem the torrent of grief that was adding to the impromptu bath the poor little child had already received. "Might I advise his being placed in a warm bed at once as the quickest and surest mode of complete restoration?"

Mrs. London visibly started at the sound of my voice, and stared up at me with a bewildered air. She had evidently never even noticed my proximity in the midst of her alarm for the pet lamb of the flock.

"The gentleman who jumped into the water and saved Harry," murmured the kneeling figure in her ear.

A pair of hands, very attenuated, but white as snow, were extended at once to clasp mine in a strong grasp, and a pair of anxious wistful eyes shone up full of earnest warmth and gratitude into my own.

"God forever bless you!" she said in a faltering voice, and these few almost inaudible words comprised all the thanks she gave me; but somehow I felt from the moment they were uttered that, beside the blessing and the hand-clasp, she had given me a place in her heart.

There is no feeling that familiarises people so quickly as genuine sorrow. There is an inward instinct in human nature that detects true sympathy at a glance. Hilarity and a smiling countenance are easily put on, but it is hard work even to the most hypocritical to force *bona-fide* tears into the eye.

It was not very strange, then, that on the evening of the day that might have been marked down in black letters in the chronicles of the Lindens as the date of a watery grave, that I found myself in a flower-decked drawing-room, a favored guest. The picture which that evening presented will never fade from the tablets of my memory. It lives there now in colors as fresh and as vivid as though I had looked upon it but yesterday.

The big bay-window opening on to a broad expanse of rippling sea; the pleasant twilight gloom casting into deep shadow the dark-clad figure of my hostess as, seated within a far recess, she bent yearningly over the child she had nearly lost, with all the wonderful infinity of a mother's love depicted on her face.

Helen Carden, with a soul above romance, and affecting to disdain *in toto* all such puerilities as dashing waves and crimson-tinted skies, presided at the distant tea-board. And leaning anent the casement near, a maiden fair and sweet, with snowy flowing dress and a pure white rose in her bosom; towards whom my gaze wandered in spite of me, and, once reaching its goal, was loth indeed to quit again.

After awhile, as the shades of evening fell lower over the earth, converse became fragmentary. It seemed easier to look than to speak. Tongue-tied, my eyes revealed my feelings well; for through the deepening gloom could I see a lovely flickering color tinge soft rounded cheeks, and a conscious but not unkindly light in tender azure eyes.

Later I knew that I had been no arrogant dreamer, puffed up by foolish pride, when I fancied, even on that first evening, that a little palm had trembled like a birdling within my fervent clasp, and that two red lips had slightly trembled when they said a low good-night.

Later I knew that Eve loved me at first sight as passionately and truly as I loved her.

PART II.

Three weeks had glided swiftly by since the first glance that had sealed my life's destiny, since the first moment in which my darling had taken my heart from me by storm. And my sweet sovereign reigned autocratically over her dominion; for closer bondage but riveted more closely the rosy links of the chain in which her power and will had bound me.

Her blue eyes were my heaven—and such a heaven! It was quite enough of bliss to sit by her dear side day after day upon the lonely beach, with the glorious swelling billows murmuring a loud consent to our courting; to sit there with her hand fast locked in mine, her rosy lips shyly smiling now and then as our glances chanced to meet. Eve was truth and warmth, but she was reticent too—loth to show her feelings, as all maidens should be. Only sometimes nature would peep out beneath womanly reserve under the wondrous power of mutual love.

"Gerald!" In all my life I had never dreamed that such music was to be found upon earth, until my name, spoken by her mouth, came laden with irrepressible melody. Ay, her lips lingered over it too, as though it was pleasant sounding to her ears as well.

"Gerald!" she said, lifting up a sparkling impassioned look to my face, unavailing just for an instant the fervency of the soul within, "you are the guardian angel of us all! You dropped down from the skies just in time to save Harry from death, and my mother from despair, and to give *me* life! For, Gerald, it *is* fresh life to be so very, very happy as I am now!"

And with this little outpouring of her heart, long shining tresses bestrewed my breast, and looking down, I saw only the tiny tip of a little pink ear as its owner's head nestled closely to me. My love! my queen! Even then, in those moments, she seemed too pure and sacred a thing for human passion. I never dared to press an ardent caress on her mouth. I only longed to kneel to her, to breathe my worship in language fit for the hearing of a saint. I never dreamt of letting my kisses fall but on fair dainty hands. And in the bright dawn of love, amidst the glorious sunshine of my existence, I was subject to an undefinable dread. I would find myself almost unconsciously gathering Eve closer in my arms, nearer to my heart, with a strange, a horrible presentiment that I should not hold her there for long. Oh, God! it was fearful to picture that bright child, full of health, rich in beauty, hand-in-hand with the awful image of death; yet again and again the vision rose up before me when her eyes shone blest and her laugh pealed merriest—in the zenith of her loveliness, amidst her gentle caresses, that one terrible fancy came to madden me. I trembled each hour lest my treasure should be wrested from me, that before the flower of love should have fully bloomed the blossom would be wrenched away from my grasp. I idolised her blindly and devotedly—and perhaps one reason for the unlimited adulation of my soul was, that hitherto mine had been a lonely and a loveless life. My father and my mother died when I was a child, and even a recollection of their faces had faded from my mind. The old-fashioned miniature, which was an heirloom, brought back no memories when I gazed upon it. I had no near of kin; and, above all, no woman's face had ever entered my heart. Fate had preserved my soul fresh and intact for the one being that I wanted for my wife. Eve stood in the light of every relative to me, and I felt for her the protecting attachment of a parent, the steadfast honest affection of a brother, the reverence of a devotee for his saint, the passionate love of a man to whom she was all in all upon earth!

She, too, had been fancy free till we met. She told me that her heart and soul had never owned another master, and I believed her—believed her because I could have staked my life on her truth and on her unerring fidelity. It was I, and I alone, whose power had stirred the soul of my Undine into being; it was my presence that had changed the statue, beautiful but cold as marble, into a living, breathing, loving woman; and it was my magic touch that could call up both warmth and color.

PART III.

Life became too beautiful with Eve as my wife, and in the utter fulness of earthly bliss perhaps I forgot to supplicate Heaven for its continuance, or else I was not good enough to live with an angel by my side. Any way, in a little while after my marriage my angel's wings began to droop, and her sparkling brightness to fade. Though she was pure and holy, and much like her sister spirits above, yet her heart was in the keeping of a mortal, and an earthly love held her so desperately in its grasp, that even ruthless Death had compassion, and stayed his hand awhile. Day by day she dimmed visibly, became paler and paler, the blue eyes growing holler, the form slighter. Yet she lingered beside me, and I hoped madly against hope. After a little while, we took a tiny baby and laid it in her breast, and my pulse throbbed high as I noted the cheek of my little one's mother flush once more with its wonted bloom, and a bright light as of yore flash from the erewhile languid eyes.

"*Our* child," she whispered mildly, as she pressed it to her. "Oh, my God! let me live for it and for him—my Gerald, my husband!" and she turned all her glance of love upon my face, and strove to clasp my neck with her weak arms, but she gently fainted away instead.

My poor little wife—so good, so submissive—this was the first time her lips had breathed a reluctance to do *His* will; the first time she had shown an unwillingness to die!

I looked at her, lying there so white and so still—and with the mist in my eyes, rebellion came into my heart. I dared to question the wisdom and justice that would snatch her away from me; she who thought no ill, who worked no woe, whose nature was perfect, and whose path was full of peace and happiness. Why, oh why, I asked, should she be taken, when the wretched, the outcast, the miscreant, to whom death is a boon, are left to linger on and on upon the face of this earth?

PART IV.

Urgent business called me away from home for awile; but though loth to quit the nest that held my darling bird, I felt happier and more hopeful than I had done for many a long day. Eve had regained both color and strength marvellously; and when I bent down for my parting look, I marked with a high-throbbing heart the hues of health upon her cheek, and the renewed elasticity of the form I pressed so closely within my arms. It was our very first parting since we had knelt side by side before the altar; and a few natural tears stood in my wife's blue eyes; but she dashed them away with a pretty gesture, and held up two rosy lips with a smile upon them towards me to kiss.

Impatient to find myself again with Eve, I accomplished the work I had to do a day or so earlier than I anticipated, and I walked home unexpectedly. Creeping noiselessly up the stairs, I passed in at the half-open door of my wife's room.

Eve stood near her mirror, her pure profile only reflected; and under the strong light from one of the windows the too faithful glass showed up to my awe-struck gaze a face so changed that I grew mad and dizzy as I looked.

Her hair fell as of yore in long light masses over her shoulders. She wore a snowy flowing dress, like the one I had seen her in on the first evening of our meeting, and her favorite necklet of pearls fell upon her bosom.

Her eyes had a rapt far-off expression in them, and a strange mournful little smile hovered on the corners of her mouth; and she was white, *so* white, with an awful unearthly pallor that spread from brow to neck.

I could not look longer; I knew in that moment quite as surely as though the curtain of eternity had been suddenly lifted up before my eyes, that an unseen hand was drawing her away, up, up into realms where I could not reach her.

With a bound I was by her side, holding her to me in maniacal frenzy and terror.

A cry of gladness issued from her lips, and the color mantled over her face as, clasping my hands in hers, she lifted up to me her bright dancing eyes.

The next moment she fell forward against my breast, and looking down I saw—O God!—great crimson drops oozing, oozing slowly, sluggishly from my wife's pale lips. I saw Eve's life-blood staining her snow-white dress. No more! no more! The faintness of death came over me, and with my wife still in my arms I fell into unconsciousness.

PART V.

In the west, clad in crimson and gold, the sun was slowly descending behind a fleecy cloud. The lambent air blew gently in through the open casement, and fanned my wife's pale brow. She lay for a long, long while silent, and her eyes, larger than ever in their deep setting of bistre shade, gazed upwards at the clear blue sky.

A longing powerful and uncontrollable came over me to hear her speak, but for some time I dared not break in upon her waking reverie; for as she lay with parted lips and dreamy look, I thought she was holding converse with invisible beings, between whom and me a great gulf intervened.

At last I could refrain no longer, my ears seemed aching for her low sweet voice to come again; so almost unconsciously I repeated Helen Carden's words.

I knew them by heart. Had they not been said when I first looked on my darling's face?

"Dreaming, Eve! always dreaming the hours away! What in the world can you find to dream about?"

She turned to me with an angel smile, and whispered faintly, "I remember, Gerald; Helen said that the day we met—when you saved Harry, and won my heart! But O Gerald, my own husband, my dreams are sadly altered since then. My soul can no longer throw off its mortal coils, and soar up into other regions; for I love the earth, for it holds *you*, Gerald, and my child. O Gerald, Gerald! hold me fast, *fast* in your arms! Don't, *don't* let me go!" she screamed out, and with a sudden accession of strength she threw herself off the couch into my arms.

My wife! my Eve! Her long hair fell in tangled masses over her white neck; her eyes for a minute sought mine eagerly, wildly, and her fingers laced themselves within my own firmly and passionately. Then the little hands relaxed their hold, her snowy lids drooped heavily over the sweet blue eyes. I stooped mechanically and pressed the rose-bud mouth to catch the parting breath, and laid my hand on her heart just to feel the last, last throb it gave. Then I laid her quietly down, for I knew that the blue eyes would never greet my coming again, or the red lips smile on my face. There was no violence in my grief; but a few days later, when I buried my dead wife, I buried my dead happiness in the same grave.

* * * * *

Right away in a quiet suburb of the great metropolis, away from the din and trouble of human life, a rustic cemetery lies.

In a secluded corner, railed in, and with soft masses of moss and thick tufts of violets clinging to its base, a white tablet stands surmounted by a tiny cross, and upon it are these words:

Sacred to the Memory of Eve Dering.
Aged 18.
This is where my darling sleeps.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"IT IS ALL OVER."

Diana had not long to wait. The next morning's post brought the letter that she had been expecting for some days, and that she now felt half fearful of receiving. Jasper watched her as she took it up: a cold, ashy look came into her face, the color fled from her lips, and her hands trembled. She did not open it, but sat down at the breakfast table, and tried to eat.

"We shall have to go to the south for you as well as for Jasper, Di," said Mrs. Seaton. "Your cough is no better, and you've looked as ill as you can possibly look for the last week. And you don't seem to eat anything. I dare say you want change; for you have never been away from Broadmead since you came here."

"I don't think I want change," answered Diana. "I am quite well here, and Broadmead is beginning to look so beautiful that it would be a pity to go away now."

"Why, you were arguing just the other way only a few days ago. How changeable you are."

"Oh, I had forgotten about Jasper. Of course, if it is better for Jasper, I shall be very glad to go too; but it is not needed for myself. I was not thinking of Jasper."

Mrs. Seaton shrugged her shoulders, and murmured something in an undertone about people only thinking of themselves, and Jasper's wearing himself out. But Diana did not hear her; she was wondering what was in the letter, and how soon she could leave the breakfast table, so that she might go away and read it.

This morning, however, Mrs. Seaton seemed determined to talk; and every time Diana was going to make a move, she asked some question, or started some fresh topic, until Diana despaired of ever getting away. And Jasper did not come to her assistance, as he usually did. Perhaps he had some intuition of what the letter might contain; for he was by no means insensible to the fact that there was a probability, if all things worked as he would have them work, that the engagement might be broken off. On the other hand, every letter that Diana received cost him a bitter pang. He could see the soft light come into her eyes as she saw John Carteret's writing, and he felt that another stone was laid to the upbuilding of the wall that was shutting out his happiness. And yet his determination was as strong as ever to overthrow it—if he had only time. Time was all he asked for, all he looked to; and with time on his side, he believed that he should win.

Jasper had, as usual, observed Diana narrowly when she took up her letter. He saw the bright flush that for a moment overspread her face give place to an involuntary look of apprehension, almost of terror. He saw how nervously her fingers closed upon it, and that she laid it aside, not offering to open it—seeming rather to feel that it was something that might do her harm.

He watched carefully, and every throb of pain, of anxiety, that he knew she was suffering gave him a strange kind of pleasure: the beginning of the end was perhaps coming that should set her free; and if once free, who could tell what the rest might be. Nevertheless, part of the pain resounded on himself; for there was something maddening to him in the thought that John Carteret could thus so deeply move her.

Diana still sat at the table—no longer even pretending to eat, but as one who, having wrought her courage up to the point of endurance, was prepared to answer all Mrs. Seaton's questions patiently. And this she did with curious preciseness; and as she did so, felt even a sort of relief that the time had not yet come when she should be obliged to open her letter, and read what was in it.

At length, Mrs. Seaton grew tired of talking, and Diana was released; but now that she was at liberty, it appeared as if she did not care to take advantage of it, for she moved slowly to the fireplace, and stood there for some minutes; then she walked to the window, and looked out over the landscape, that was growing greener and fuller of beauty every day. Perhaps it was the last time that she should look at it in the full happiness that had long been hers; and she continued gazing, not wishing to run the risk of bringing that joy-time to an end.

Then she walked slowly out of the room, and went up-stairs.

No sooner had she gone, than Jasper, whose mind was almost as agitated as hers, sprang up hastily.

"What is the matter, Jasper?" asked Mrs. Seaton, startled by his vehemence.

But when she looked into his face, that was almost ghastly, she did not try to detain him.

"It's that letter," she said, when he had left the room. "I wish I had taken a firm stand, and had dismissed Mr. Carteret altogether. I had it in my power that night, and I temporized, thinking that matters would linger on to a natural death. And now, it's killing Jasper by inches."

When Diana reached her sitting-room, she did not open her letter at once. She sat down and looked at it, wondering what was inside it. She would prepare her mind for the worst; and if John Carteret no longer cared for her, she would try so to be brave, and be content if his happiness were secured. She thought she loved him well enough to bear anything for his sake.

Then she half laughed—a low, hysteric laugh. What was she thinking of? What absurd idea had come into her head? She had decided last night that all that Miss Pyecroft had said in her letter was false, and what reason had she for thinking otherwise this morning? Where was her faith? There was no cause for fear—none at all.

But her fingers trembled as she opened the letter, and a chill shiver ran through her. Nonsense!—there was no cause for fear.

She read through the letter, and when she came to the end it seemed to her as though she did not understand it; and yet the words were familiar, as though she had heard them before—as though John Carteret had spoken them to her.

Then she read it again; and as she did so she remembered how, before he left Broadmead, John Carteret had argued these same points with her: that he was a poor man; that their engagement was likely to be a very long one; that he was now, after considering it carefully, willing to release her from it; that, perhaps, it was the right thing for him to do.

But it seemed clearer and harder now it was written down on paper—more as if he were in earnest than he had been the day that she had reproached him for his want of faith. But then, he had cared for her then—he had not been at Linthorp.

She clasped her hands tightly together over the letter.

He did not love her now. If he did, he could not have written that letter. All that Miss Pyecroft had said was true—all that Captain Stanfield had said was true; and again she saw how it was that Charles Stanfield had placed so little confidence in the report he had heard at Broadmead. And now the letter itself sealed John Carteret's condemnation.

"He does not love me now!"

The words forced themselves upon her: they would not be thrust away. What should she do? The light had gone out; and it seemed to be growing so dark around her, that she could not see her way. Very sudden it was, though she thought she had been preparing herself for it. Very sudden as all blows are when they fall. Preparation does not make so much difference, after all.

She sat in a stupefied state for some time. She wished she could die. She wished she were far away from Broadmead, and should never see any one she knew again. She wished she had not been sent from India, then all this would never have happened; for English children do not live in India.

She read over the letter. She did not yet quite believe in it. Then she looked at her watch, and found it was nearly one o'clock.

What should she do? Whom should she tell about it? Whom should she speak to? Not to Mrs. Seaton. Perhaps to Signora Neri? Yes, she could tell her. She would go to her; then she should be out at luncheon time, and should not have to hear Mrs. Seaton talking.

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Mr. Jasper has sent to know if you will ride out this afternoon, Miss Ellis?"

"No, Hester, I shall not ride out to-day. I am going out."

Jasper! Diana had not thought of Jasper. Her heart had yearned for womanly sympathy in her present distress. Yet Jasper was her guardian. He was good, kind; he had helped her on that night when she had first heard the rumor of John Carteret's faithlessness, and he might help her now; for she had come to look upon him as a brother. He must know some time. She had better go to him at once. So she changed her mind; and instead of going to prepare for her walk, she went down-stairs, with the letter in her hand.

Jasper started as she entered the room which he used as his study; for, though he had been in some measure expecting something unusual in connection with the letter, he had not made up his mind whether it was in his own favor or not. But the doubt was put to rest at the sight of the set, fixed look of the white face.

He sprang up, and, closing the door, asked—

"What is it, Di?"

Although he knew as well as she could tell him.

But her power of speech seemed to have left her now, and she merely held out the letter to him.

He took it, and laid it down on the table beside him; and again asked—

"What is it, Di?"

And she, still dumb, pointed to the letter; and covering her face with her hands, she sank down on the nearest seat. Jasper came and sat down by her.

"You must tell me, Di, for I cannot read the letter."

She looked up with a mute, pleading expression, and shook her head: it seemed as though her voice would never come to her again. But after a little time she managed to say—

"Read it—you must!"

Then Jasper took up the letter—though there was little need for him to do so, for he knew exactly what would be the contents, what the line of argument; and more, the causes of John Carteret's adopting that line of argument. He knew how everything appeared to him in a false light as regarded Broadmead; but what affair was that of his? If people were blind, why should he open their eyes? Why was he to dispel delusions by which he was to be the gainer? He had spoken no word that could be brought against him as a falsehood—he had simply omitted to speak altogether. Why need he make explanations now? Let events take their own course. Why should he interfere?

Diana watched him anxiously as he obeyed her request, as if perhaps he might throw out some ray of hope; but he read through the letter, and laid it down again without speaking; and a deep stab went to her heart, for she knew her doom was sealed. Jasper would say something hopeful if he could—she was sure that he would.

"Jasper!"

It was almost a shriek—so piteous in its wailing appeal, that he shrank. He could not bear to hear it.

"Will you tell me at once, Jasper? Please do."

And this time the voice had modulated itself to a low, measured tone.

"What can I tell you?"

"That—that he wishes our engagement to be at an end. Is that it?"

"He seems to say so," replied Jasper, evasively.

"But," said Diana, grasping at the straw of indecision, "do you think that he quite, quite means it?"

"Do you consider Mr. Carteret a truthful person?" asked Jasper.

"Yes," she replied, unhesitatingly.

"And these are his own words."

Her countenance fell.

"His own words!" she repeated to herself. "Yes, he wishes the engagement to be at an end. Why?" Then she asked aloud—"Why does he think it best, Jasper?"

"How do I know, Di? He does not decidedly say."

But Diana's heart told her all that was needed. Miss Pyecroft's letter, and the reports she had heard, too clearly told her the reasons. Yet she could not realize what had happened; and she passed her hand over her forehead, as if to drive away the mist that had gathered.

"Will you tell me what to do, Jasper? I do not know."

She was a strange contrast to the passionate child of old, who had given way to violence whenever she was thwarted. She stood there calm, and too much stunned by the blow to think of rebelling, or even murmuring against it.

"As he pleases—for his sake," were the words in her heart.

Jasper, looking upon the despairing face, knew that one word of his could make it bright with hope again; and once he wavered—once his heart smote him, but only for a moment. Why need he fear? The tide would flow back again, the sea be as smooth as ever when the wind had gone down. Time—only time! And then she would look back upon this love affair as a folly; and he, a better man through her love, would guard her tenderly from the cares and troubles of life.

"Jasper!" Again that despairing cry.

"What can I do, poor child?"

And, at the words of pity, Diana's tears started for the first time; but with a great effort she restrained them, and in a tremulous voice she said—

"You will do all better than I shall, Jasper. Tell him it is best—but I cannot write."

She was going away, but turned back.

"You will tell Mrs. Seaton," she said, wearily, "it is all over." And she went away.

Had he no pity?

For a moment he bowed his head upon his hands, as her hopeless look of misery struck him. But the next he raised it, and a gleam of triumph shone in his eyes. What he had labored for, had watched and waited for, had come to pass. Diana was free, and the great act of the drama played out. There was no fear about the end.

"Mother," he said to Mrs. Seaton, after he had told all to her, "we must leave Broadmead for a time. Diana will betray herself to every one. We must go away till this has blown over a little."

"To the south?" said Mrs. Seaton.

"No," he replied; "we are not safe anywhere in England."

CHAPTER XXXII.

LADY PECHFORD'S DIPLOMACY FAILS.

Diana never recollected how that first day passed. It seemed as though she waked at midnight from a long dream; and wondered, in the dead hush of the night, whether she were still Diana Ellis, living at Broadmead, or whether she has been there, and something had happened to change her into some one else—for she did not seem to be the same person. Everything had all at once become different. The only feeling left that she at all recognized was the old longing to flee away somewhere—she did not know where—and be at rest; not the active rest that had of late entered into her imaginings as the glorious perfecting of the immortal; but the rest of forgetfulness, of everlasting sleep, with no awaking.

Curiously, in that hour came to her the history of herself—her soul development. Items of bygone incidents returned with odd minuteness; thoughts that had occurred to her in childhood, but had since slipped away from her memory; scraps of songs the sailors had sung on board the Arethusa; the sound of the great booming waves surging round the vessel; the motion of the vessel itself; and more than once, the jovial face of the good-natured captain smiled upon her—and the desolation returned upon her heart that she had felt upon her arrival at Broadmead, when she had uttered her wail—"Me wants my captain!"

Everything and every one came into her mind excepting John Carteret. He seemed to be obliterated as entirely as though she had never heard of him. All the rest came crowding upon her oppressively, and in such confusion, as to give her the longing feeling for escape forever from some undefined terror that was pursing her.

She lay for some time trying to comprehend where she was, and what had happened; and suddenly, through the half-drawn curtain, a straggling ray of moonlight stole in, and made visible some of the objects in the room. She roused herself—yes, she was at Broadmead, and awake now; and as she opened her eyes wider, she started—for the moonlight rested on her hand, and on the curiously chased ring of gold, unadorned with any precious stones, that John Carteret had given her.

It was as a talisman recalling her to herself—and, in an instant, all that had passed came clearly before her. She traced it up from the beginning; she seemed to see how everything had been gradually tending to this culmination. She felt glad that it had been, in spite of the ending: for she knew that her knowledge of John Carteret had developed her best impulses, and had brought her to a certain point in her soul-life, where it had left her stranded upon the barren shore—a wrecked vessel, beaten by the breakers. She reviewed it all very calmly, for the strong agony-time had not arrived.

She was numbed, paralyzed—too much paralyzed to feel pain as yet. In the morning it would come, after the fitful, feverish night dreams and shadows were over: and the great, white, blank time would set in;—the ghastly blank days that trouble of all kinds makes for man, at one epoch or another of his life, if his life has been worth aught to himself or to his fellows;—that blank time, wherein seed of some kind or other is sown—almost while he sleeps—to grow up and bring forth fruit, according to the hand of the sower.

And how had John Carteret, who loved so truly, so faithfully, brought such sorrow about? Why had he believed the "whispering tongues" that had so "poisoned truth?" Why had he not come himself, and told Diana all his doubts and fears, and have set all right in one simple and straightforward word of explanation?

Simply because John Carteret acted like many other people, who, through some indefinable cause, are prevented saying the one simple word at the right moment. Hundreds—nay, thousands and thousands there are who, in years to come, seeing with clearer eyes, have had the knowledge revealed to them of the mistakes they have made—the misconceptions that they have countenanced, that one word would have prevented—mysteries that one word would have cleared up—wounds that one word would have healed over long, long ago. But the opportunity is gone for ever—and with some, even the knowledge of its possible existence; and so they go on and on to the grave, and the world says, "What matter?" In the grave there is an end of all that has troubled one on earth. As though this world and the next had nothing to do with each other;—as though the men of this world were not the men of the next;—as though the hearts and intellects of this world were crushed out in the grave, and fresh souls arose that had no remembrance of the sojourn in the earthly tabernacle;—as though the impulses that had borne them heavenward were a mere earthy inspiration! So must they believe who hold anything to be unimportant in man's life upon earth. Men's lives are, for the most part, made up of trivialities, so called; for it is not the one action—that all have not the opportunity to accomplish—that accomplishes a man's hereafter.

When John Carteret received Jasper Seaton's letter, he was not surprised—he was more prepared for it than Diana had been for hers; still, he wished she had written herself—he should like to have heard from her once more. And yet, perhaps, it was as well: it would have been harder to see the separation decreed in the handwriting that had, so far, said only pleasant things to him.

And so he resigned himself, and he turned to his work more earnestly than ever; and his hearers listened eagerly to the eloquence that flowed from his lips, and believed that the young preacher was not long for this world. No one with cheeks so pale, or eyes so bright, or earnestness so intense, had ever lasted long.

People recalled instance after instance of fervent ministers called away in the midst of their labors, just as one would think they were sowing, and planting, and even reaping for the Master: men whose piety was almost angelic; of whom they said, these were too good for earth. It might be so, since none could otherwise solve the mystery of their removal.

Lady Pechford called to mind a young Catholic preacher she had heard one afternoon at the church of St. Andreas, at Cologne—full of fervor, of spirituality; whose heart was pouring forth its love and anxiety for the salvation of those around; and who had probably noticed the entrance of the English strangers, since he had specially prayed for a blessing on the English. She thought of the young preacher as she looked upon John Carteret, and she wondered if he were yet alive.

John Carteret, however, seemed as strong and as able to work as ever. There was no lack of firmness in his step, no lack of strength in his voice; yet Lady Pechford knew that some change had come over him, though she knew not what. If Miss Wardlaw were the cause, she could not understand it; for Miss Wardlaw was as constant as ever in her attendance at church, at the small school belonging to it, and in looking after the choir.

And Lady Pechford, on the strength of her prerogative as a relative, and an elderly woman, took upon herself to sound John Carteret, and to find out where the trouble lay. She did not succeed in this; but she succeeded in discovering that John Carteret was not thinking of Miss Wardlaw.

"You really ought to think of marrying," Lady Pechford had said to him. "No clergyman should be without a wife. He is ten times more valuable with a good helpmate."

"If he can find one."

"I do not think that that is a difficulty which need exist in your case," she answered.

"I am too poor a man to marry. I leave that to the richer ones in the church," he said.

"Nonsense; you have nothing to do but to marry some one with money—which is the easiest thing in the world for a curate to do; and, moreover, a very proper and natural one. What do you think of Miss Wardlaw?

John Carteret looked steadily at Lady Pechford, to see whether she were in earnest.

She misunderstood the look, and answered accordingly—

"I am quite in earnest. You have no need for fear in that direction. Indeed, I may almost assure you to the contrary."

"I hope not—I trust not," he returned, startled by a possibility that had not before appeared to him. "I hope not."

"And why?"

"Because I shall never marry."

"Not marry!"

"My dear Lady Pechford," said John Carteret, "it is a matter than can only concern myself, and it is not worth talking about. It is very unimportant to the world at large what a poor curate does, or does not do."

"But not to individuals," persisted Lady Pechford. "It is a pity you did not make your intentions more clearly known when you came to Linthorp. Men do more harm than they imagine by attentions that mean nothing."

Lady Pechford was annoyed at being thwarted in her design. What was the use of all her diplomacy, if this was to be the end of it? A girl with a fortune like Miss Wardlaw's, who would have "made him for life," being thrown away by him! Many men would have caught at it—would have been thankful for it. But it was always the way with these theoretic men, who aspired after what other people could not understand—they were always filled with absurd crotchets, that prevented their rising in the world. She might almost have known it by his sermons—so she began to think now; they were, some of them, quite inexplicable to her; but she had hitherto looked upon them as mere crude eccentricities of genius, covered with so fair a garment of eloquence that she had not thoroughly discerned their ruggedness. She felt very much provoked. She had liked John Carteret, and had labored energetically and willingly in his behalf.

John Carteret looked grave and sad. His eyes were suddenly opened to what, had he not been so entirely preoccupied, he might have perceived before; though even now he was loath to believe that the insinuation was more than one of Lady Pechford's imaginations. Still, his mind was not at ease; and he began to wish that he had never come to Linthorp. After all, a fashionable congregation was not one that he had cared to preach to: there was something almost heartless in the sight of the stiff silks, and flowers, and feathers, and elaborate toilettes that met his eye Sunday after Sunday. Yet it might be that he was unreasoning in his logic—for there must be rich as well as poor in the world, and the rich are in want of preachers just as badly.

However, John Carteret began to take it into his head that Linthorp was not the place for him; and before long it began to be rumored about that Mr. Carteret was going to give up his curacy at St. Botolph's—that he had heard of something else—that this something must be better, or he would not take it: perhaps a living from some one who had heard him in the Linthorp season. And then people began to discuss whether this living were three hundred or eight hundred a-year—probably the latter; in which case, Mr. Carteret would certainly not enter upon his duties as a single man.

Whilst these speculations were going on at Linthorp, Mrs. Seaton, acting up to her new character of diplomatist, had put the cause of a sudden move from Broadmead upon Jasper's health, and the necessity of an immediate change for him; and taking advantage of the hint suggested by the large bottle of cough syrup that Miss Letty did not fail to send up for Diana, she had given out "that it would do Di no harm to go to a warmer place, for her cough would not leave her. And," added Mrs. Seaton, "I shall not let her leave the house for the next fortnight, for the beginning of spring is the most trying time of the whole year."

And so Diana's sorrow was shielded through diplomacy; and by the end of the fortnight, the Seatons were on the wing for a warmer climate. Where they would go, was yet undecided. Nice, Mentone, San Remo, were all spoken of. And when Miss Pyecroft returned from Linthorp, she found the Manor House deserted, and its inhabitants on the other side of the Channel, travelling no one knew whither, no one knew wherefore—unless the Neris had a shrewder guess at the state of matters than as foreigners they might have been expected to have.

For Diana had slipped down to the cottage, to say good-by to Signora Neri, and to tell her of all her trouble.

"You are nearer to me, Signorina, than any one else," she said. "You always comfort me—and I must tell you all."

And the Signorina had listened; and her young life came back to her, and step by step she followed Diana's narration, and Ecoolo seemed very present with her once more; and all the fear and wondering, the fitful hope, and then the utter blankness of despairing certainty, rose up as freshly as though forty years had not intervened, so closely did she follow her darling's heart through the sorrowful narration.

When Diana had ended, Signora Neri asked—

"And the letter, *carina*?"—for by some intuition she doubted, though she did not dare to express her doubt.

"I have not got it."

"What have you done with it?"

"Jasper did not give it to me again. He destroyed it.

Signora Neri looked at her intently.

"I could not have read it again," said Diana, with a little shiver. "It was like a knife, Signorina, cutting through my heart."

"Perhaps not."

"What are you thinking of, Signorina?" asked Diana, as something in the look struck her.

"Of nothing, my poor child, that will help thee."

Yet, after Diana had gone, she had asked her brother—

"Giuseppe, is there not false play?"

"Oreola, who could have the heart to do it? Who could look into the child's eyes, and have no pity upon her?"

"I should not have thought Mr. Carteret would have acted thus!" and she looked anxiously at her brother.

"Nor I. It is strange."

"There is something hidden, Giuseppe. I dared not tell the child my thought, but it rose up like a great wave of hope out of the troubled sea. If I had only seen the letter—but Mr. Seaton has destroyed it. Giuseppe, thinkest thou not that there is false play?"

But he was unable to say more than—

"Thou must wait, my Oreola. Time will show."

And Signora Neri was constrained to wait, and to guard Diana's secret carefully. No one in Broadmead had known definitely of the engagement. No one should know of its end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

☞ On account of the intense heat, our poet has been able to furnish us with one verse only of his new poem:

I.

A timid glance around he stole,
His bag of chink he chunk:
And many a ghastly smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

☞ Journeys are now avowedly taken to the British possessions and to Europe for the purpose of the purchase of clothing, the difference in the cost of a suit of clothes between Montreal and New York being more than sufficient to pay the travelling expenses between the two cities.

☞ AN ELEPHANT.—The Davenport, Iowa, printers seized a circus and menagerie the other day for not paying its bills, and now each editor is the happy owner of a Swinesouphalus, or Giraticutus, or Hippopotatiemise, or an Alaskan Sea Lion. When subscribers rage and a man comes in, and wants to know "who wrote that article," the editor unchains his menagerie, and the insulted fellow has a sudden call to "see a man" elsewhere.

☞ DEATH OF A JOURNALIST.—Daniel Kane O'Donnel, who, several years ago, was connected with the editorial staff of Forney's Press, died at his residence, in this city, on the 8th, in the 33d year of his age. The deceased was a native of this city, and a graduate of Girard College. Mr. O'Donnel was an army correspondent during the war; was connected with several New York papers recently; and enjoyed quite a reputation as a writer both of prose and poetry.

☞ The Rothschilds are reported to be such firm believers in luck that they will never employ any one in any capacity who has been unfortunate. They always ask the man who applies to them for a situation, however humble, "Have you ever had any bad luck?" and if the reply be in the affirmative, he is rejected without further discussion. To this apparently severe and unjust mode of dealing they attribute much of their extraordinary success in business.

☞ "A subscriber" tells us, in confidence, that the English missionaries are trying to educate the subjects of the late King Theodore, and hope for great success, as these people have always been A, B, C, nians. This is dreadful; but what can we do?

☞ A man in Kansas was present at the funeral of a neighbor of whom no good could honestly be said. But everybody was saying something, and this man, not wishing to appear singular, but being incapable of lying eulogy, remarked that it was "a nice, quiet corpse."

☞ A New York dairyman has made a cheese weighing 3,000 pounds.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—15,000 bbls sold at $4.50@5.00 for superfine; $5@5.50 for extra; $6@6.50 for Penna extra family; $6.25@8 for Northwest family; $6.50@7.50 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7.50@9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $4@4.25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—30,000 bus sold at $1.48@1.52 for Indiana and Ohio red; $1.47@1.51 for Penna red; $1.45@1.50 for Delaware red; $1.53@1.57 for Hill wheat; $1.55@1.56 for Western amber, and $1.60@1.65 for white. Rye—Sales of 1900 bus prime Western at 83c ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 72@75c for mixed, and 73@77c for Western Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow. Oats—Sales of 110,000 bus at 48@50c for mixed, and 50@52c ₱ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $14@14.25 ₱ bbl. City packed extra Mess Beef is selling at $15@15.50 ₱ bbl. Beef Hams command $23@24. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15½c; Excelsior hams at 15c; Sides at 8@8½c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 11@12c; and Shoulders, in salt, at 5@6½c. Lard—Sales at 9½@9¾c for city and Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 9@10½c. Butter—Sales of roll at 18@20c, and packed at 12@14c. Eggs—Fresh sell at 29@31c; Western bring 28@29c. ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 900 bales at 20½@21½c for Middling upland, and 21@21½c for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $35 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark at $11@12 ₱ cord for Chestnut.

BEESWAX sells at 35c ₱ lb for yellow.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,50@1,70; mixed, $1,30@1,40; Straw, 90c@$1.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 3½@7½c. Green Peaches sell at $2@2,50 ₱ basket, and Green Apples at $2@5 ₱ bbl.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 4000 tons No. 1 foundry at $37, and 400 No. 2 at $35 ₱ ton. Bar Iron sells at $77@80. Scotch Pig commands $35 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Clover sells at 10@10½c. Timothy at $3@3,25. Flaxseed sells at $1,90.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2900 head. The prices realized from 7@7½ cents ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $35 to $55 ₱ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $6,50 to $7,25 ₱ 100 lbs.

R. R. R.

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Burnett's Kalliston, for Bites of Mosquitoes and other insects, neutralizes the poison.

A Ride Through a Tropical Forest.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The trees shook hands high over head,
And bow'd and interwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and moss
The luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
Through the cool canopy of green,
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.

Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,
Or sang low-hanging overhead—
Sang low, as if they sang and slept,
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all,
Though ripe nuts crushed at every step.

How ran the monkeys through the leaves!
How rush'd they through, brown-clad and blue,
Like shuttles hurried through and through
The threads a hasty weaver weaves!
How quick they cast us fruits of gold
Then loosen'd hand and all foothold,
And hung limp, limber, as if dead.
Hung low and listless overhead;
And all the time, with half-oped eyes
Bent full on us in mute surprise,
Look'd wisely too, as wise bens do,
That watch you with the head askew.

The long days through from blossomed trees,
There came the sweet song of sweet bees,
With chorus tones of cockatoo,
That slid his beak along the bough,
And walk'd, and talk'd, and hung, and swung,
In crown of gold and coat of blue,
The wisest fool that ever sung,
Or had a crown or held a tongue.

PRACTICAL NOTES

FOR

FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY A LADY.

No. 7.

THE BIG TREES.

It is with a mixture of pleasurable anticipations, and a summoning of courage to endure great fatigue, that one leaves the comforts of San Francisco for the trip to the Calaveras Big Trees and the valley of the Yo Semite. Before starting, the condensing of baggage is quite an item. It is not for you to think what you may require, but how little you can make answer your purpose, allowing two weeks for the trip. Trunks are entirely ignored, for should you arrive at the head of the valley with one, you would be coolly informed it must be left behind, as everything is carried in on the backs of horses. A good-sized valise must carry all. Therefore one change of dress must suffice. Fortunately there are opportunities for having washing done, and one hails a washerwoman or woman with delight, for the dust is fearful on the stage route at times.

It is absolutely necessary for comfort to be provided with a bloomer dress, made of either water-proof or habit cloth. The dress may be made the usual length of a walking suit, with fastenings to loop it into bloomer length. The pants to be confined with a band at the top of the boot. Great care should be taken to have the feet cared for properly. I saw much discomfort and some real suffering caused by the oversight of not providing boots fit for such travel. They should be a substantial pair of good calf-skin boots, thick soles, with old-fashioned broad heels, not over half an inch high; and laced instead of buttoned, that the pressure of the buttons will not irritate where the foot comes in contact with the saddle. I expected to find all gentlemen would have given thought to this point, for their out-door life would suggest it, but they were found wanting also, and looked with disgust at their fancy boots, when climbing over pointed rocks and damp ground. A thick pair of chamois gloves is a treasure also; in fact, everything that pertains to comfort is required, and all articles for show or ornament sadly out of place.

We took cars for Stockton at four P. M., having decided to visit the Calaveras Big Trees en route to the valley. This was our first point. This city is one of the largest and most important in California, being at the head of navigation. My memory of it dwells principally on the enormous apricots we saw there, as large as our white-heath peach, and some songs, sung by an Italian who strolled into the hotel, and in fine tenor warbled out gems from the different operas with a voice as fine as Brignoli's, though less cultivated. I sat in the moonlight, blessing fate for sending him, and thought how little he dreamed of one whose soul went out in sweet thoughts under the influence of moonlight and music, and of the rest I was gathering from the sweetness.

We left Stockton in cars for Milton, a distance of twenty-eight miles. The country looked parched and unattractive, the principal feature being the large oaks, placed by nature over the land so regularly, that it gave the appearance of an immense park, where art had planted the trees for effect in the landscape.

At Milton we commenced our staging; and mounting as usual up by the driver, on the top of an old-style stage-coach, found our first trial of endurance. There commenced the first lesson. The road was over rolling prairie of short, crisp grass, the stage bounced around like a ball over a jet of water, the sun shone bright and warm, what wind there was followed us—our usual good fortune seemed to have forsaken us, and when we arrived at Murphies, the next stopping place, where we were to change coaches, we were a sight to behold, covered as we were with dust. It is amusing to find how soon you understand the ways of strangers. When I first saw the porter of a hotel coming out with feather duster in hand, I thought he mistook it for a whisk, but soon learned the duster was the proper article. They at once commence at you as they would at a piece of furniture; it appears to make no difference whether you be a valise or individual, as you are handed from the coach, you are dusted off, and put aside.

We were glad to exchange the old stage-coach in which we had ridden thirty-eight miles—and fearfully long these California miles are, they are as long as their stories—for a stage with less of a stage appearance. We had fourteen miles more to ride before we reached the Big Trees, and though the ascent had been gradual all day, save the first three or four miles after leaving Milton, we now had a heavier grade, which, with our load, though we had four horses, and made one change, would require four hours to accomplish.

Fortunately for me, I found the driver kind and obliging; he gave another proof that good warm hearts often beat under very rough exteriors. I became much interested in hearing of the early mining days. He had been one of the pioneer miners, was mixing with the party when the big trees were discovered. He told me how an old hunter who foraged for the miners, and was accused of telling wondrous yarns, returned to camp one evening and told of the mammoth trees he had seen. All laughed, and none believed, but he became so earnest that a party went with him, and lo! there they saw the great giants of the forest; for once he proved his truth. Then I was told how the miners washed where a woman never was seen. "Why," he said, "I never saw a woman from eighteen forty-eight till fifty-two. If any one found an old gaiter boot in their travels in those days, we would all run to get a look at it. And when the first woman came out to her husband, as soon as she reached the mouth of the creek, it was known twenty miles, like a flash of lightning; each one called out to his neighbor all along the line to the head of the creek. A woman then had only to express a wish, and twenty men were ready to respond to it. As for little children, you bet we made a fuss with them; why I have seen old and young men gather them up in their arms, and cry like babies over them; and if the little fellows would stray off they could not get lost, for some one was ready to watch after them, and carry them for miles in their arms, and when the parents would allow, would tend them and rock them to sleep, keeping them all the night through."

While relating these little incidents, the eyes of this rough-appearing man would fill up till the tears would be too many for the lids to close upon.

Towards sunset we came to larger trees than we had ever seen, and at eight o'clock passed between the "Sentinels" that guard the avenue to the Mammoth Grove Hotel. These two trees are three hundred and fifteen feet high, and twenty-three feet in diameter. We halted a moment under them with feelings akin to those of a devout Catholic entering St. Peter's for the first time.

The stage passed on to the hotel, which looks very small, surrounded as it is with these mammoths. We were weary and dusty, and though you feel a change of toilet is essential for comfort, you doubt if you have the strength for the effort—you feel stiff and sore, and nature craves a good meal. So after removing a portion of the soil you have collected during the day, you hasten to the supper-room. "Caste" is equalized in these parts, and my opposite neighbor at the table was my friend the driver, who I felt was a much better companion than many attired in finer costume with manners more polished.

We were most fortunate in having moonlight nights. The hotel is situated in the midst of the trees, and near the edge of the grove. After supper we took the path which entered the forest—the night was glorious—and as we stood at the foot of one of these monarchs, a sudden awe seized me. I trembled as a child, and said, "Oh! do not go farther now. I cannot bear it—it is too much." I did not seem to breathe freely, or my heart quiet its unsteady beating, till I stood out again in the bright moonlight, beyond the shadows of these great kings. Never shall I forget the impressions received during my first view of this forest. As we looked up, up, up, higher, still higher, the tops seemed to touch the stars; and yet the moon's light placidly glimmered over them all. At their feet I sank into insignificance, and from my soul I cried, "Oh! God, what am I that Thou shouldst be mindful of me; how dare I turn to Thee, the Creator of such grandeur, and expect to be remembered?" Yet we are told the lily of the field is not forgotten, neither does a sparrow fall to the ground without Thy watchful care. Blessed, thrice blessed be our faith, for through it comes truest life.

There are those who are disappointed in not having their expectations realized in the size of the trees at first sight, like many experience on the first view of Niagara, but such was not my case.

The valley in which this grove is situated, contains ninety-three Sequoya trees, or as I would say arbor-vitæ, for the foliage is precisely similar to the small trees known to us by that name. There are hundreds of sugar and pitch pines, ranging to the height of two hundred and seventy feet, and eight to ten feet in diameter. Of course there are smaller trees growing there, but the majority are larger than any you ever dreamed of.

The day following our arrival, I had to succumb to physical ailments, through the imprudence of drinking manufactured lemonade, against which I would warn every traveller. Lemons are an unheard-of luxury here, so manufacturers concoct some horrid stuff to take its place. Lying in bed, when one had so much to see, was as the Californian says, "No good." I had prepared my mind to endure all fatigue and inconvenience, but had not bargained for this. As soon as health permitted, we mounted steeds—not "fiery" ones, and with a guide rode through the forest. It is impossible to convey an idea of the magnitude of these trees. After reading the dimensions, imagine some temple, and knowing its height, compare the figures. The mother of the forest is 305 feet high, and 63 feet in circumference. The father of the forest has fallen, it must have been four hundred and fifty feet high, and forty feet in diameter. In 1853 one of the largest trees was cut down, it was ninety-two feet in circumference; five men worked twenty-five days upon it, using large augers. The stump of this tree is the one that has been boarded over, and will accommodate four plain quadrilles at one time.

We passed Sunday here, and a minister visiting the hotel called a meeting in the summer house on this stump. The congregation proved small however, the universal feeling being that the grove was the best church, and the Giant Trees the truest teachers. God's work is so manifest here, a pure heart must feel the sacredness.

Many of the largest trees have been named, some appropriately; yet save in a few instances I would prefer no name, unless it be that of a universally loved man, great in the hearts of the people. They seem too great a creation to be called by common names. I guided my horse to the end of one tree that had been cut down, and as I sat on the back of a good sized horse, the top of my hat did not come within two feet of the *centre* of the log. These facts are difficult to believe, but they are true. All the tales you hear of these wonderful trees you may accept, for there is no need to exaggerate—the truth is great enough. You forget all the weariness of coming so far to look upon them. And may you all enjoy them as I did. They were as wonderful the last day as the first.

The weather was warm, but the mornings and evenings were delightful. A number of families were spending their summer there, preferring the climate to the cool winds of San Francisco. To avoid the early rising—having to take stage at five A. M. to return to Murphies—we preferred a private conveyance, and bade adieu to the "Big Trees." One afternoon at four o'clock, and from that to half-past seven, my companion and I rode alone down the Nevadas. On the ride we met a drove of sheep, and as they passed I asked the drover how many there were—he said, "a little over twenty-four hundred."

We had a beautiful ride down the mountains, and another charming night; and my heart said, "Shine down, beautiful moon, upon those I love who are far away; let thy silver light brighten any sad thoughts that are lingering in their hearts, teach them faith and trust, that their hearts may not grow weary waiting the fulfillment of hidden hopes!" We spent the night at Murphies—and the following morning took stage for the valley of the Yo Semite.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCY'S GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY M. F. E.

There was a placid, verdant-banked lake on one side, a range of distant mountains on another, and a beautifully diversified country stretched as far as the eye could reach. Taken altogether, the village of Angleside was a gem of a place, to which the surrounding scenery formed a worthy setting. Some of its young lady inhabitants declared that it only needed a ruined abbey or castle to make it equal to those "loves" of places we read of in English novels. Hearing this opinion, an enterprising citizen offered to put up a few ruins at a moderate cost. He said that he would defy anybody, even with a microscope, to tell his ruins, when finished, from the original articles. Notwithstanding this assurance, the prosaic trustees refused his proposal, and, greatly to the disgust of their romantic daughters, voted to build a schoolhouse instead.

Lucy Dean was the belle of Angleside. There were two Lucy Deans; the other was a plain, good-natured girl, a farmer's daughter. This similarity in name might have created some confusion, but it seldom did, as the villagers usually called our Lucy "the Widow Dean's girl." Our Lucy was a very pretty girl, with soft brown eyes and hair, and with a ripe, blooming color in her cheeks that two years of school-teaching had faded to dim. She had many admirers among the male sex, and one of these, Frank Wells, had reason to believe himself the favored swain.

Frank was an upright, though somewhat uncalculating young man. His business talents might have earned him a respectable livelihood, had not his doting parents wasted time and money in giving him an artistic education. They were a well-meaning couple, and he was their only child, so when he drew unrecognizable men and horses on his slate, the affectionate parents were astounded by the genius which these attempts displayed, and they determined that their boy should become a painter. A Raphael or Titian, perhaps, but at least a Sir Joshua Reynolds. And Frank was brought up with this end in view. To pay the expenses of his education, the old people made many sacrifices, and at last sold their farm, but before their work was completed, death came, and Frank was alone in the world.

For a time he picked up a living in Angleside. He painted portraits, all the faces of which were marvellously alike, but the backgrounds and dresses were gorgeously done, so his sitters were satisfied. One day a stray photographer made his appearance in the village, and our hero's occupation was gone.

Strange enough on the very day that saw the downfall of his fortunes, Frank walked boldly into Widow Dean's kitchen—it was after school was done, and Lucy was there picking berries—and popped the question. A blush, red as the strawberries in the china bowl, spread over Lucy's face. There was a short pause.

"I'll—I'll be your wife, Frank, but not just yet."

"Oh, I won't be unreasonable, my own Lucy, I'll give you a month to prepare."

"A month is too short a time—that is unless you allow me to continue to teach after our marriage," she looked up timidly.

"That will be altogether unnecessary, my love," he began.

"In a word, dear Frank, what are your prospects?" she said firmly, but with an involuntary tremor in her voice.

"Prospects!" he echoed, in a tone of surprise, "why, I've fifty dollars in hand, and I can work."

"Is that all? Then marriage is out of the question—at present."

Frank Wells was filled with astonishment and indignation.

"Do not misunderstand me," she continued, earnestly, "I love you; I would willingly share your lot in life, but my mother is aged and an invalid, and must go where I go. I cannot place her in the power of the uncertain future which you offer."

"If you really loved me, you would trust all to me," he broke forth in a fit of honest anger. "I see your meaning plainly, although you have tried to disguise it! You refuse me because I am not rich?"

"You forget yourself, and to whom you are speaking, Mr. Wells."

"I do not. Farewell, Miss Dean, forever. And he rushed from the kitchen, and sped away from Angleside in the next train.

A few scalding tears fell among the crimson berries in her lap, and then she wiped her eyes, becoming in outward appearance herself again.

Frank Wells's sudden departure was commented upon by some of the villagers, but soon they scarcely remembered that such a person had ever lived among them. Lucy did not forget though; her spirits were not as light as had been usual before Frank left Angleside; she was sorry because they had parted in anger, but she did not grow pale, and contrary to the custom of heroines in love, her appetite was very good. Who ever knew anybody with plenty to do, to become love-sick, or die of a broken heart?

Lucy had a great deal of work on her hands just at this time, for her namesake, Lucy Dean, fell ill of a fever, and as there was not a more capable or gentler nurse in all Angleside than our Lucy, her services were called into requisition. Thus two busy months were divided between school teaching and attending to the sick girl.

"The Squire's son's makin' sheep's eyes at you, Lucy," said Widow Dean, one day, "he's been prowlin' around here for nigh unto a month. I s'pose you didn't notice him, but my old eyes are sharper; if he asks you to be his wife, say yes, for he'll have the Popkins's farm when his father dies, and it's right comfortable. I'd admire to live there; he's got a pile of money, too, they say."

Lucy was silent, but she thought over her mother's words as she walked down to Lucy Dean's in the twilight.

She found the sick girl rapidly improving. About eleven o'clock the door swung open with a bang, and tall, sandy-haired Tom Popkins, the Squire's son, made his appearance.

"Miss Lucy," he bawled, (his lowest tone was a yell,) "I was at your house this evening, and your ma sent me over here to bring you home."

"Very well."

So the two started together along the moonlit road. After a great amount of stammering, Tom made the proposal that Widow Dean had anticipated. He told her that he had "loved her without saying nothing for ever so many years," and he painted the delights of the Popkins's farm in glowing language.

Lucy meditated. Frank had said farewell forever; she would show him that another man would be glad to marry the girl he had cast aside, if she accepted this offer; besides her mother would be placed beyond reach of want. She resolved to assent.

"Thomas," she said.

"Call me Tom. I'm more used to— Oh, gracious! Look there!" And with a sudden bound he rushed away.

Lucy stood still, as if turned to stone. Right before her, in the middle of the path, was a skeleton. The pale moonbeams fell upon the ghostly object, whitening its bones with their light.

"Lucy!" it said in a well-known voice.

Had Frank died, and was this his ghost come back from the other world to reproach her?

The skeleton drew its mantle around it, and called her name again. At this juncture Lucy fainted, and the skeleton sprang forward and carried her to the nearest house, which happened to be her own home.

When she came to her senses, or rather when her senses came to her, her mother was engaged in pouring some liquid down her throat, while not far off stood Frank himself in a tight black suit, upon which stripes of white stuff had been sewed to produce the effect of bones, and make him look as much as possible like a skeleton.

"My darling Lucy!" he began, and dashed immediately into an explanation. Here it is. He had taken the train for an adjacent city after his parting from Lucy. There he endeavored to obtain work, but his talents in the artistic line were not appreciated, and he was very glad to get a situation as scene-painter to one of the theatres. This he obtained through the kindness of a person whom he had known in Angleside. A raw-head-and-bloody-bones sort of drama was just then in progress, and our hero was pressed into service to do duty in the role of skeleton. As he was not obliged to say anything, and his only business was to look horrible, he performed his part for thirty nights with great success. He was standing at the side of the stage, waiting for the lighting of the green fire, in the gleam of which he was to appear, when the man from Angleside came in.

"Good-evening, Frank," he said, "I got a letter from the old place yesterday."

"Any news?" Frank asked, eagerly.

"None, except that Dr. Brown's widow has married again, and Lucy Dean is dying of fever."

Lucy Dean dying! He seized a large cloak, and threw it over his stage-costume; in a few moments he was seated in the wake of a locomotive, hastening towards home. How slow the train seemed to move!

He reached Widow Dean's gate just in time to meet Lucy and Tom Popkins. You know the rest. After the explanation came a reconciliation.

"And, my darling," said Frank, "you need not fear that your mother will not be provided for. A merchant in the city has offered to give me a week's trial as clerk. If I suit him he'll give a thousand a year."

Well, what is the use of making a short story long? In a short time the young people were married; tall Tom Popkins and the other Lucy being the attendants. And the happy pair get along very well with Frank's thousand a year.

"I'd rather she'd a took the squire's son," commented Widow Dean, "but I won't say anything agin the match, for fools will be fools."

Which is very true.

MEMORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY E. L.

Delaware! How I love it.

What pictures the name conjures up in memory's book. Of the walks I have had in the grand old woods; the nuts we have gathered there, my girlhood's friends and I, in the glad sunny days of the long ago; and the pleasant rides on long bright evenings after ice-cream—the moon shining brightly down in her golden glory, and everything seeming so peaceful and quiet that a holy calm would settle down upon my heart; and God and Heaven seem not very far away.

Within a mile of a noted station on the Baltimore railroad, in Brandywine Hundred, stood an old-fashioned house. It was a beautiful place though. Roses, shrubs, and flowers, of every variety, were there in almost endless profusion.

Great trees waved their restless branches to and fro; while in the distance gleamed the broad river.

It was a glorious sight—that river! Even now, though years have passed since my eyes were gladdened with the sight, the scene comes vividly before me, as I saw it long ago from the portico which lay along the front of the house.

It stretched along for miles, both up and down, in all its picture-like beauty; tossing on its clear breast the white winged sail-boats. Looking beyond, far away on the Jersey shore, one could see the small, white houses looking so peaceful and home-like among the trees. Memory, faithful ever, takes me back to the sweet old days. Swept away are the troubled years which lay between my girlhood's happy days and these of my more matured years. Truly:

"Memory has honey-cells,
And some of them are ours;
For in the *sweetest* of them dwells
The dream of early hours."

Half forgotten tones sweeter than the grandest note of music come unbidden—melting the ice which in the wintry hours of life's strife has gathered over my heart—until, as in a dream, the fair face of Adelaide Hunt gleams ruefully before me.

She was a pure, delicate looking girl, this Addie. Eyes blue as the heavens, and which you felt were as true; nose small and perfect, and ripe crimson lips. Not a beauty by any means—but just such a girl as one would see almost anywhere. One whom you felt you could trust; who would be "forever and forever" true.

We sat, one evening, Addie, Howard Lamond, a visitor, and I, on the vine-covered portico, just where we could see the river sparkle and flash in the moonlight beyond.

"Let's tell stories," said I, as the small clock on the mantle within the house rang out the hour of nine.

"Well, begin," Addie said gayly. "Once upon a time—"

But I could not begin, so Howard, who was a good story-teller, told us a tale about what happened to him two years before, while he was travelling. After he had finished, we sat there and talked until eleven pealed slowly out from the same little clock, when we arose, said good-night, and separated.

There was to be a picnic in the woods about three miles away, some time in August. We were all to go—Addie's father and mother in one carriage, Howard, Addie, and I in another. The day arrived, was very fine, and we had a very pleasant time. The woods were gay with people, and birds sang happily in the trees overhead, or twittered to each other as if astonished at the intrusion.

In the crowd I lost sight of Addie. At last, however, I saw her coming. How sweet she was, her hands were full of wild flowers, her white dress tucked daintily up to avoid the dew which was still on the grass, and walking by her side was Howard Lamond. I saw him reach out his hand and bend toward her, as if he wanted to take the blossoms away to carry them himself, but she would not surrender them, and so he contented himself with walking quietly beside her, and looking down into her face, as though he thought it pleasant to gaze thereon.

It was long after midnight when we got home and retired to rest. Even after I had gone to my room I put out the light and went and stood by the window, looking out upon the quiet scene. Thinking what a pleasant home it was, and how peaceful the stars looked shining so softly down through the trees, no thought crossing my mind that it was the last time I would ever watch them from that window. How long I slept after I had got into bed I do not know, but I was awakened by hearing some one under my window shout,

"Fire! Fire!"

I sprang up, looking hastily out. Yes, the house was burning. How I got on my clothing and down stairs I do not know, but I found myself on the lawn, with the servants, watching with terrified eyes the doomed house. How madly the flame roared around that grand old edifice. Flinging its red tongue to the very sky. Creeping remorselessly over the vine-draped windows; darting now here, now there, hissing and crackling as if it would say, exultingly, "Who is mightier than I?"

Suddenly I heard Mr. Hunt say, "My God! Addie is there! Save her, oh, some of you save my child!"

"Who would risk his life to go in there?" said a voice.

"I will," came the answer, clear and distinct, and turning, the agonized father beheld Howard.

A ladder was placed against the burning building, and the brave fellow stepped firmly upon it. A deep murmur of applause at this act agitated the air; it grew deeper until he disappeared among the flames, when it gave place to almost unbroken silence. Moments passed, hours they seemed to the anxious, loving hearts beating below; still they did not see him. Was he dead? Must they both die together there? Addie, our darling; and he who for her sake was willing to risk his life? Such a supposition was not unlikely, but thank God it was false; for, struggling manfully with the dense smoke about him, he appeared bearing in his arms, all wrapped in a blanket, the one he had saved. Very carefully he stepped upon the frail ladder already blackened by the hot kisses of the fire, and descended slowly but safely, step by step, to the ground.

For long hours the fire continued to rage fiercely; and when the faint dawn of the new day broke upon the scene, there was only a pile of blackened ruins to remind us of our home. There was another house on the place, and as it (fortunately for us) was empty, Mr. Hunt immediately moved into it, bringing the necessary things to fit it out from the city.

Howard was burned fearfully, and for weeks after the fire he lay on his bed with bound-up limbs. Then there came a change, but it was many days before the burns sufficiently healed to admit of his going to his own home. The time came, however, when he could no longer delay his departure, when not even his affection for Addie could make him longer forget his duty. It was Fall then. The trees were already changing their summer robe of green for their autumn one of purple, amber, and gold, warning him that he, like them, must be at work. And so he made up his mind to go, after telling Addie of his love, only waiting the opportunity, which soon came. I had been out for a walk one morning. I felt tired when I returned, and had seated myself on a low chair, which stood in the wide hall, to rest. While seated there, I heard the murmur of voices, and looking up saw that Howard and Addie were in the parlor. He was sitting at the piano, which stood open, at one end of the long room. Suddenly Addie said, as her hand accidentally came in contact with those resting on the keys,

"How warm your hands are, Mr. Lamond." Then playfully, "Warm hands and a cold heart?"

"No, not so, Addie. I have not got any heart." Then more firmly, as he placed one arm around her, drawing her more closely to him, "It is all yours. The first time I came here I was led to respect you, and my respect has but grown and strengthened, until now it would be very hard to give you up. My darling, cannot you give me your heart in return for the strong, true love of mine?" There was a brief silence as the

girl turned away her face, and he continued, "What have you to say to me, Addie?"

"Yes, Howard," she answered timidly, raising her pure eyes to his, as she held forth her hand.

He took it tenderly, and stooping, kissed her brow. And thus they were betrothed. By both a trust was accepted in their heavenly Father's sight, of more than earthly value. They did not pause though, perhaps, to think of that. Like all young people, they gave themselves no time to ponder, but yielded unfearing to the sweet joy of the moment, caring or heeding nothing but that they loved each other truly, not realizing their vast responsibility as the maker each of the other's happiness.

They were married the next spring, married quietly in the little church at Graymont. It was a clear, bright day in early June, when flowers were filling the air with fragrance, and birds singing sweetest, that Mr. Hunt gave the care of his only one into the keeping of another. The bride looked very sweet in her pure white dress, flowers gleaming in her hair and on her bosom, while over all drooped the misty folds of the bridal veil. The clear eyes were raised to the minister's face as with a firm though low voice she answered the few brief words. The golden circlet with tender faith was placed on her slender finger, and they who were twain went forth one through all eternity. All this, dear reader, happened long ago, when the writer of these gleanings from "memory's" book was young and gay.

Howard and Addie still live, and are travelling, let us hope, with feet that falter not, the path of life, so that when the end comes they may hear their Master say: "Well done."

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XX.

WITH SIR DENE.

Advancing at a jog-trot up Harebell Lane, came a horse carrying double: a country yeoman, Charles Parker, (who by-the-way was first cousin to the Parker connected with the stolen bag of money) on his back, and Miss Emma Geach on a pillion behind. In those days it was nearly as common to see a horse carry two people as one, sometimes it was made to carry three. Mr. Parker was returning home from the Wednesday's market at Worcester, whither he had conveyed his daughter in the morning and left her there on a visit: happening to overtake Miss Geach on the road when returning, he good-naturedly asked her to get up and ride. The party had nearly reached the Trailing Indian, when Mary Barber turned out of the inn and met it. Emma Geach's loud laugh was echoing on the air; a musical laugh enough, truth to tell, and well known; otherwise Mary Barber might not have recognized her, for the night was rather dark. The woman made a motion for the horse to be stopped, and spoke.

"Hallos, why it's you, Miss Barber!" cried the yeoman. "Good-evening t' ye."

"Looking for your sweetheart, Mary Barber?" asked free-tongued Miss Emma.

"If ye'll get down, girl, I'll tell ye what has happened; ye'll see then whether this be a time to be looking for sweethearts, even for them that's got 'em," was Mary Barber's answer.

There was a solemn tone in it that struck on the ears of both her listeners, and Miss Emma slid off the pillion to the ground. Mary Barber told of the accident. To give Emma Geach her due, she was sobered on the instant, and much concerned for Black.

"I heered Haxted tell Black with my own ears that the gun warn't charged," she said explosively. "What did the man mean by 't?"

"It's what Black said," replied Mary Barber.

"Is his hurt bad?" returned Emma. "Mr. Parker, I thank ye for giving me the lift to-night and saving me the trapes home a foot. The miscreef take that there Haxted!" she said, preparing to hasten into the inn.

But Mary Barber put out her hand to detain the girl, willing to soften the shock even to her, and whispered how worse than "bad" the hurt was.

"'Taint for death, sure!" exclaimed Emma, her voice taking a sound of fear.

"Ay, but it is," was Mary Barber's answer. "No good beating about the bush any more, Emma Geach. Black's dead."

"Dead! Dead a'ready."

"About ten minutes ago. Mr. Friar and a lot of 'em be there, men and women; I couldn't do no farther good, and I come away."

Very much to Mary Barber's surprise, who had deemed her without feeling, the girl burst into a passionate flood of tears. All her days, Black had been to her but a cross-grained master, or whatever he might be called, and they had lived in perpetual warfare; but it seems she bore him some natural affection.

Leaving them to go into the house; for Charles Parker got off his horse to fellow, Mary Barber went on down the lane. A project was in her head—that she should proceed at once to Beechhurst Dene, and request an interview with its master. Surely things disclosed that night had surprised her not a little, and she felt it to be her "bounden duty" (as she put it to herself) to disclose them to Sir Dene.

"It's not too late for't," ran her thoughts; "it can't be much more than half after eight. Poor Black haven't been long a going. The Lord keep us all from a sudden death like his."

No; he had not been long. The wound had speedily done its work. Only about four hours—hardly so much in fact—from the commencement to the close. It was a strange coincidence, that Mary Barber should have been present when both Black and his wife were dying, and it haunted her mind.

"'Twas no chance took me out and there this evening," she murmured. "I wonder how long 'tis since I went out for nothing but a walk—without having some object to take me? Why, years, it must be. Any how, I can't remember it. That feeling o' wanting to go abroad and get fresh air had never come to me afore. 'Twas just a good angel's hand guiding me."

Arrived at the gate of Beechhurst Dene, she stopped; hesitating whether to enter then or wait until morning. An impulse was strongly prompting her to go in, spite of the lateness of the hour, spite of her working attire. The gown she wore was of lilac cotton, clean, but somewhat tumbled with her airing of Black; her bonnet was the usual black poke of a country woman, the cap border under it clear and full; her shawl was of fawn colored cloth much worn.

"Sir Dene 'll excuse it all," decided she, opening the smaller gate. "Gander 'll know whether I can ask to see him to-night or not."

At that moment footsteps were heard in the lane, and she waited to see who might be following her. It was Harry Cole. Mary Barber leaned her arms upon the gate while they talked together of what had occurred.

"I never thought his hand was in Mr. Owen's death," remarked Cole. "Some of you fancied it at the time I remember, but I didn't: he carried it off brazenly."

"He told me something else before you and Friar came," observed Mary Barber. "That money lost out o' Sir Dene's parlor—'twas Jarvis Clanwaring took it. Black says he was sure of it."

"So was I," laconically replied Cole.

"You were! Nonsense, man!"

"Well, I did think 'twas him; I thought it was, for certain. That same night, just at the very time the money must have been taken, I saw Captain Clanwaring at Sir Dene's secretary. Oh, 'twas the captain; no doubt of it."

"And why couldn't you have opened your mouth and said this, Harry Cole?" demanded Mary Barber hotly.

"Because—I was bid not to," was the sentence on Harry Cole's tongue.

But he substituted another for it. "Because it was no business of mine."

"No business of yours? 'Twould have cleared Tom Clanwaring."

"Oh, nonsense," said Cole. "Nobody really suspected Mr. Tom. Well, good-night, Miss Barber. This has been a sad evening's work."

Sir Dene Clanwaring had almost entirely recovered the seizure in December, and was himself again. It was thought that when the genial weather of summer set in he might be as well as ever he had been of late years. Meanwhile by Mr. Friar's orders all topics likely to excite him were avoided, by visitors as well as servants; so that Sir Dene was living in a good deal of ignorance as to the doings of his neighbors. Jarvis Clanwaring he knew all about. That gentleman was languishing away his days in prison (in a rather jolly manner probably after the fashion of the day) for by no manner of persuasion could Sir Dene be brought to release him. Lady Lydia sighed and prayed her heart out over it, but Sir Dene was wholly deaf; flatly refusing to help at all and calling him to Lady Lydia's face by any name but that of a gentleman. Sir Dene resented the deceit practised on the Ardes. That a grandson of his, over head and ears in debt, should have palmed himself off as an honorable man and attempted to marry Mary Arde, brought a blush of shame to his old cheeks. He knew all about the diamonds too, and had got them home again; having furnished the money to Otto for their redemption. Altogether Jarvis had done for himself pretty effectually, and Sir Dene assured Lady Lydia that the only fit place for him was the prison he was in. Which gave her the most intense aggravation.

"Can I say a word to Mr. Gander, please?" asked Mary Barber of the servant who came to the door.

Gander happened to hear the question himself, and came forward. He and Mary Barber were great friends.

"See Sir Dene? yes, and welcome," said he in reply to her application. "'Twill be a bit of change for him. Dull enough it is for the poor master, a sitting up there by himself hour after hour."

"Why don't my lady sit with him?" was Mary Barber's rejoinder. And Gander gave his head a toss.

"Sir Dene don't care to have too much of *her* company. She only gets worrying of him to loose the captain out o' prison."

"I say I've had a rare shock to-night," said Mary Barber, as she and Gander seconded the staircase together. "Randy Black's dead."

"No," exclaimed the butler. "Why, what has he died of? 'Twas only yesterday I saw him."

"Ay," she answered. "His gun went off and killed him. I'm a wanting to tell Sir Dene something that he said in dying."

But that they had reached the baronet's door, Gander might have asked further details and what the something was; for he had his share of curiosity.

Sir Dene was pacing the carpet in his sitting-room, a favorite exercise of his always, and the only one he could take now. Mary Barber had not seen him for some months; and the change age and illness had made in him, perhaps trouble also, startled her. His once stately form was bent; he tottered as he walked, leaning heavily on his stick; his fine blue eyes were faded, his face was haggard and strangely gray. For a moment Mary Barber could not speak; she believed that if ever she saw death in a face, she saw it in his. Gander shut them in together.

"I made bold to come at this late hour and ask if I might see you, Sir Dene, having a matter to speak of to you," she respectfully said, courtseying. "Gander, he thought you'd please to see me, sir."

Even though it was but Mary Barber, Sir Dene in his never-failing courtesy laid his hand on a chair near the fire, as he might have laid it for a lady, and motioned to her to take it. His own large arm-chair stood opposite; he sat down in it, and bent his head towards her, leaning both hands on his stick.

"I have heard to-night what has surprised me, Sir Dene; and I think you ought to hear it too," she began. "So I stepped without loss o' time to see if I might get speech of you. And I hope, sir, that you'll be so good as pardon my coming before you in my old things; there was no time to go in home and change 'em."

The probability was that Sir Dene had not noticed whether she wore old things or new. His sight and senses were alike getting dim for these trifles of existence. Two wax candles burned on the mantle-piece, and the fire threw out its blaze on every portion of the small, comfortable sitting-room.

"It don't matter," said Sir Dene. "The things look good to me."

In a low and cautious tone—for Gander had warned her not to startle his master—she imparted to Sir Dene the events of the night, Randy Black's accident and death; and then went on to the items of his confession.

"Poor Owen! murdered after all!" interposed Sir Dene. "But I always said that tale of his ghost appearing was the most ridiculous in the world. Fit only for children and simpletons."

"Well, sir, 'twas that drove my young master, Mr. William Owen, away," she returned. "That and nought else."

"So I heard," said Sir Dene. "Squire Arde confided it to me soon after his departure. Had I known 'twas that before the young man went, I'd have tried to reason him out of his foolishness. Ghosts are all nonsense, you know, Miss Barber."

Remembering what she remembered—the ghost she most undoubtedly had seen; ay, and more than one, as she fully believed, during the experiences of her past life, Mary Barber's opinion was wholly different. And she was not one to shrink from expressing her opinion, even to Sir Dene Clanwaring.

"That the spirits of the dead visit the world sometimes, there's little doubt on, Sir Dene; but it ain't given to everybody to see 'em. I have seen 'em and so can speak to't. I believe in dreams, too; that they come as warnings, and what not of things about to happen."

"Ay, that's another thing, dreams," readily acquiesced the old man. "I've had a queer dream or two myself."

The little interruption over, Mary Barber went on to the matter she had come to relate. That it was not Tom Clanwaring who had taken the bag of money, but Jarvis Clanwaring. Sir Dene who had been tracing the pattern of the carpet with his stick (also a habit of his) and following it with his eyes as he listened, lifted his head suddenly.

"Jarvis Clanwaring did that?" he cried looking at her.

"Yes, sir. Black vowed 'twas him with his dying breath. Harry Cole, too, he confirmed it to me i' the lane: for he saw the captain at your secretary." And she repeated what both had said, word for word. It did not appear to surprise Sir Dene much.

"Look you, Miss Barber. That ill-doing grandson of mine—that I'm ashamed to own, and think it a mercy his father was not spared to be pained by his goings on—was hard up for money about that time, and that's how 'twas, I expect. For the matter of that, I don't know when he was not hard up—as the world has since learnt. So he took the bag o' money, did he? 'Tis a disgrace to the name of Clanwaring."

"But it's not me that would have intruded to speak of it to you, Sir Dene; I hope I know what respect means better than that."

"You are welcome," interrupted Sir Dene. "He has been the town's talk."

"Only that I thought it my duty, sir, to clear poor Mr. Tom," she continued. "That bag o' money, sir, you know, was laid by some people to Mr. Tom's door."

"The people were fools," was Sir Dene's return.

It took Mary Barber aback. She had recently felt so fully persuaded that it must be the only matter lying against Tom Clanwaring and prevented his recall: for she knew of nothing else that could lie. This she said to Sir Dene.

"No, no," he answered. "My grandson, Tom, is a true Clanwaring: no fear of his thieving bags o' money. Why, you ought to know him better than that, Miss Barber."

"And so I do, sir. When the accusation was brought against him my bile went up above a bit. I a'most got a fit o' the yellow jaundice, Sir Dene."

"It's that other affair up at the Trailing Indian, that has been on my mind," said Sir Dene, acknowledging more to this woman than he had to others; but reticence sometimes forsakes us at the last. "The girl has left Ireland and is back, I hear."

Mary Barber's hard, gray eyes opened with a stare. What was Sir Dene talking of?

"Do you mean about Emma Geach, sir?" she asked.

"Brazen baggage?" ejaculated Sir Dene. "Of course I meant it."

"But *sir*," returned the woman, all the emphasis she possessed put into her tone, "that—that was not Tom Clanwaring."

"Was it me, d'ye think?" reiterated Sir Dene, angrily, believing she wanted to impose on him in her partisanship for Tom. "It's not your place to tell white lies to me, Miss Barber."

"I've not told lies, neither white nor black, in all my life, Sir Dene; and I'm sure I'm not begin now," said independent Mary Barber. "The girl's sweetheart was not Mr. Tom; it was Captain Clanwaring."

"Why, what d'ye mean?" cried Sir Dene.

"Sir, it's Gospel truth. That was Captain Clanwaring. Mr. Tom knew naught about it any way. I don't suppose he have heard on't to this day. Sir Dene, I thought Squire Arde might ha' told you."

The two sat looking at each other. She unable to believe that he did *not* know it, fancying his memory must be in fault; he wondering whether he was listening to a fable.

Since the disclosure made by Miss Emma Geach, the truth of the affair had become public property, what with the whispers of one and another, Susan Cole included, and had reached the servants' ears at Beechhurst Dene. But Mr. Friar's orders—Don't say anything of this or other exciting matter to Sir Dene until he shall be strong—were very strict; and even Gander had not ventured to disobey.

"Is it possible you have not heard that Mr. Tom was cleared o' that, Sir Dene?" asked Mary Barber, breaking the silence.

"I have heard nothing," replied Sir Dene. "What is there to hear?"

Letting her ungloved hands, hard and worn with work, lie folded in her lap, as she sat bolt upright in her chair, Mary Barber recounted the facts to Sir Dene. She spoke in her usual deliberate manner; and before she was well half way through, he got up in trembling excitement, and stood facing her.

"And that sinning reptile could suffer the brunt of the scandal to lie on my grandson, Tom, all the while, knowing 'twas him?"

"He did, Sir Dene. Black confessed to't as well this very night. Don't ye see, sir, if the truth had come out, 'twould have ruined Captain Clanwaring with Miss Arde?"

Sir Dene gave a very hard word to Captain Clanwaring, and paced the room in tribulation.

"Poor Mr. Tom have just been a scapegoat among 'em—what he was always called—and nothing else, sir. He have had to take their sins on himself in manhood as well as childhood, and work 'em off. And as to his being ungrateful to you, Sir Dene," she continued, determined to speak out well, now she had the chance, "I don't give credit to a shred on't. I'll lay my life, that he has writ to you times and again, if it could be proved, and the letters has never been let get to you. Mr. Tom 'ud desire nothing better than to come back, I know; and as to that letter you wrote to him a calling him home, and Gander posted, rely upon 't, sir, that it never went nigh him."

Whether the woman's decisive assertions, or the strong good sense that shone out in every word she spoke, made impression on Sir Dene, certain it was that a conviction of the truth took instant possession of his mind. The bitter wrong dealt out to Tom throughout his life by Lady Lydia and her family, seemed to rise up before him in a vivid picture. He saw now it had been, quite as surely as if he had read it in a mirror: it was as though scales had hitherto been before his eyes, and had suddenly dropped and left them clear. All the old love for Tom, which had but been suppressed, filled his whole being again. He opened his heart to Mary Barber as it had never been opened to living mortal.

"The only child of my dear son Geoffry," he cried from his chair, the tears coursing down his cheeks. "And I have let him live away from me, in exile. Geoffry left him to me; you know he did, Mary Barber; and this is how I have kept the trust."

The tears gathered in her own eyes, hard and cold and gray, as she watched the old man's sorrow. In her homely fashion she tried to soothe it.

"The meeting with him will be all the sweeter now, Sir Dene. Don't fret. It was not your fault, sir, but theirs that have kept him from the place; you needn't lose no time in getting him home, sir."

"Fourteen months!" bewailed Sir Dene, apparently catching no comfort from her words. "I've counted 'em one by one; him over there, and me here alone. Seems to me, Miss Barber, that my life has been nothing but mistakes that it's too late to remedy."

"There's not a single life, Sir Dene, but what has them mistakes in it; plenty on 'em. Looking back, we see 'em; though we couldn't see 'em at the time or should have acted different. It's too late, as you say, sir; we all find it so; too late except for one thing—and that's just taking 'em to the Lord for pardon."

Sir Dene nodded twice, and passed his silk handkerchief over his face. Mary Barber was about to rise and make her farewell curtsey when he resumed.

"The worst mistake o' my life was the cutting of that road, Miss Barber. Dene Hollow."

"Well, sir, if I differed from you that it was not, 'twould be just a empty compliment, and have no truth in it," was her straightforward reply. "Nobody can say the road have answered."

"Answered!" echoed Sir Dene, as if the word offended him. "Look at what it has done for people; and for me the worst of all. But for that accursed road, my granddaughter Margaret would not be in Hurst Lea churchyard."

"My poor mother said with her dying breath that she saw the shadow on it, you know, Sir Dene. She thought it was accursed."

"Ay. Old Mrs. Barber. I turned her out and broke her heart. Did she curse the road?"

"No, no, Sir Dene. Had she cursed it the curse might never come. When we leave our wrongs and oppressions to *Him*—the wrongs that bring tears and blood as 'twere—trying ourselves to bear 'em patiently, as mother tried, it's Him that sends the curse, sir."

"Ay, ay," returned Sir Dene. "Ay."

In the silence that ensued, Miss Barber rose. But again Sir Dene spoke; his eyes lifted up straight into hers.

"I've had her on my mind more than folks think for, Miss Barber. I've seemed to see her often. Sometimes she's in my dreams. If the time was to come over again I'd cut off this right hand rather than take her home from her."

"When things be much in our minds, we're apt to dream of 'em, Sir Dene."

"True. If the dead are permitted to know one another"—slightly lifting his stick to indicate heaven—"I'll ask her pardon for what I did."

"Oh, Sir Dene! Don't fear but what 'twas all forgiven by her afore she died."

"Night and morning I ask God to pardon me for it, Miss Barber. It won't be long before I'm there now."

"Indeed, Sir Dene, I hope you'll be spared to us for awhile yet."

"Not for long," he reiterated. "I've been with Squire Arde lately—the old Squire, you understand—we have talked with one another as happy as crickets; and I know we are going to be together again. Three times 'tis in all: the third time was last night."

"Do you mean in a dream, sir?" she doubtfully questioned, after a short pause.

"Gander says so. I don't think it. Any way it will not be long before I am with him."

"And now I must wish you good-night, sir," she resumed, dropping her stiff curtsey. "And I thank you for having been pleased to hear me, Sir Dene."

Sir Dene rose. Leaning his weight on his stick with the left hand, he held out the other.

"You will shake hands with me, Miss Barber? And you'll not forget to carry in your mind what I've said about your poor mother: how I have repented all I did with my whole heart, and how it has come home to me."

He shook her right hand, and held it for a minute in his; not speaking, but gazing at her steadily and wistfully. Mary Barber felt like a fish out of water.

"The Lord give you comfort, Sir Dene," she whispered. "I thank you for condescending to me. And I trust, sir—if you'll not take offence at my saying it—that we shall all meet together in heaven."

He loosed her hand and turned to the bell with a kind of sob. Gander, answering the peal, met Mary Barber on the stairs.

"I say, Gander, why in the world is it that nobody has been honest enough to clear up Mr. Tom to Sir Dene?" she sharply asked.

"Clear up Mr. Tom of what?" returned Gander.

"Why, about that Emma Geach."

"Oh—that. Well, Mr. Friar stopped it. He said Sir Dene must get better first, and then he'd tell him himself."

"Mr. Tom has not had much fair play among ye, as it seems to me. One good thing, Sir Dene knows it now."

"Will ye step in and take a sup of anything?" asked Gander, hospitably throwing wide his pantry door, thereby displaying its good fire.

"No step in!—I've not time. They'll have sent all over the parish after me at home as 'tis, I expect, thinking I be lost. Good-night, Gander."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ORDERING OF HEAVEN.

"Who let the woman in?" demanded Lady Clanwaring of Gander.

"I did, my lady," was the butler's answer given equably.

"And how dared you do it? How dared you allow her to go up to Sir Dene?"

"There was no reason that I knew of why she shouldn't go up. Miss Barber's respectable, my lady. Sir Dene's downright glad to ha' seen her."

My lady never got much good from Gander. The more imperious she was with him, the more indifferent to it was he. Next to getting her beloved son out of the London prison, the great wish of her present days was to get Gander out of Beechhurst Dene. And yet she could not really hope to do it. Even were Sir Dene to have another seizure—a calamity which was expected to arrive sooner or later—and become utterly incapable of exerting authority, even were insensibility to set in, my lady could not hope it. For in that case the probability was that the heir, Dane, would take up his abode at the house as master, and he would be the last to suffer the disposal of the old serving man.

"You take too much upon yourself," retorted my lady.

"I know pretty well when I may take things on myself, and when I mayn't, my lady. If I had went up to my master last night, and said Miss Barber from Harebell Farm is a asking to see you, sir, he'd a said 'show her up, Gander, show her up.' Said it eagerly, too."

The word struck on Lady Lydia's ears. "Eagerly! why should he have said it eagerly?"

"Well, my lady, 'twasn't long ago that Sir Dene told me he should want me to fetch Miss Barber to him one o' these days: that he'd like to talk to her a bit afore he died. When I heard her voice at the door last night, asking to see him, the thought crossed my mind that her coming had happened just on purpose."

Where was the use of contending—of saying more? None: as Lady Lydia felt. The visit had been paid, and the harm done; and all the scolding in the world would not undo it now.

After the departure of Mary Barber, Sir Dene said nothing of what he had learnt. Gander, who helped him to undress, heard no particulars of the interview—and Sir Dene had grown more confidential with Gander than he was with any one. On the following morning, Thursday,—this day that we are writing of—Sir Dene's bell rang early. While eating his breakfast he quietly asked Gander why certain matters known to all the parish had been kept from him: from him, whom they most concerned. Gander, feeling perhaps a little taken aback, did not answer on the instant.

"I'd have thought you would have told me, Gander, if nobody else was honest enough for it," the old man continued in a pained tone.

"And my tongue have been a burning to do't all along, sir," burst forth Gander. "Friar, he gave so many orders about your being kept quiet, that I didn't dare to."

"But for Miss Barber, I might have gone into my grave and never had my best grandson cleared to me! What possessed Arde that he could not tell me?"

"Squire Arde has got some grudge again Mr. Tom, I know," observed shrewd Gander. "I told the Squire only a week ago 'twas time you heard the truth, Sir Dene, but he charged me to be still silent."

"A pretty nest of conspirators you've all been against my poor boy! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Gander!"

"Sir Dene, next to you there's nobody old Gander cares for like he do for Mr. Tom. But when it comes to a choice between ye—when it's his interests put again yours, meaning your health, why of course his has to go to the wall. And always will, sir, with me," added the man stoutly.

"Here, move the tray away, I shall get up now."

"You have not took as much as usual, sir."

"I've had as much as I can eat. I want to write a letter."

Sir Dene's hands were flurried: Sir Dene's eyes seemed a little dim: he was longer dressing than ordinary, and also longer reading his prayer-book, after Gander had left him. About eleven o'clock he sat down to his desk at the sitting-room fire, Gander putting every article ready to his hand, pen, ink, paper: and he began the letter. It was the first he had attempted to write since his illness, and the progress was unsatisfactory. His feeble fingers could scarcely hold the pen: the strokes were shaky.

"My dear Tom; my dearest grandson."

The date and this commencement had been accomplished after a fashion, when the door was tapped at and Lady Lydia entered. With the customary bland smile on her face, and the blandest tone she could sublime her harsh voice to, she was beginning to inquire after dear Sir Dene's health, and how he had rested—but he stopped her in the middle.

All that he had heard the previous night, he repeated to her. It was Jarvis who had taken the bag of money; it was Jarvis who had given rise to the scandal talked of Miss Emma Geach. Sir Dene did not enlarge on the iniquity in itself; but he did on the dishonor of Jarvis in allowing the odium to fall, and rest, upon another. He said that *he* was ashamed of him—her son and his grandson—to his fingers' ends: that no despicable a scoundrel had surely never been suffered to trouble the earth as Jarvis Clanwaring.

Whether Lady Lydia had known of these facts before, whether not, Sir Dene could not judge; the revelation certainly fell upon her with a shock. Her face turned of a ghastly green—her spirit for the minute seemed to quail. Gathering some courage, she attempted to dispute it; but Sir Dene stopped her in the midst. He knew it to be true.

"Whence did you hear it?" she inquired.

He told her of his interview with Miss Barber. And then he bade her leave him, that he might get on with his letter.

"Are you writing to Jarvis to reproach him?" she asked, rising from her seat.

"I'd not trouble my hands to write to him, madam: writing's a task for me now, I can tell you that," was Sir Dene's answer. "Reproach *him*! A man capable of acting as he has done, would but laugh if reproached."

"I thought you might be," she said, more humbly than Lady Lydia had ever in her life spoken at Beechhurst Dene.

"I am writing to my dear grandson Tom, my lady. Trying to tell him how keenly his

old grandfather feels the pain of having doubted him. He'll not lose an hour after he gets the letter, I hope: but travel night and day until he gets here."

"That is, you are sending for him home?"

"I am, my lady. Never again to leave it while I last."

She quitted the room, carrying her mortification with her; and Sir Dene resumed his letter. It made not much progress yet. The mind and the slow fingers alike grew weary; and he was fain to put it aside when it was half written. In the fulness of his repentance, Sir Dene was writing more than he need, considering that he expected Tom would ere long be with him. Meanwhile Lady Lydia was having it out with Gander down stairs, as we have seen. Gander was clearly to blame for all, she reasoned: had he not given admittance to the woman, Mary Barber. Sir Dene would have continued to live on in happy ignorance. And within this last week or two, my lady had quite believed she was making some impression on Sir Dene on behalf of the incarcerated captain! She knew that she should never do it now.

"I hate Tom Clanwaring, and I wish he was dead!" she breathed to herself. "He has stood in my children's light from the first hour I brought them here, and found him, a miserable unit, lolling on Sir Dene's knee in his frills and velvets. Jarvis has been a fool, and played his cards badly: but that other's an upstart interloper, and he shall never come home here to stay if I can drive him out."

Mr. Friar came in to see Sir Dene. He fully confirmed (but it was not necessary) what Mary Barber had said: and then talked for a short while with Sir Dene about Black. An inquest was called and would be held on the morrow. Sir Dene relieved his mind by a little self-reproach in regard to Tom: and Mr. Friar's answer was, that he had always wondered how anybody could suspect ill of Tom Clanwaring.

"I wish I had known it all when Arde was here yesterday afternoon!" exclaimed Sir Dene. "I'd have given him a bit of my mind. If other folks keep things from me, he ought not. Tom's his nephew, in a sort."

"The Ardes are all off this morning on their visit," observed the surgeon. "I saw the carriage go by."

"Ay. Off to Shropshire for a week or so."

Mr. Arde, with his wife and daughter, generally paid a visit once a year to some relatives of Mrs. Arde's in the adjoining county. That they should happen to have gone now, Sir Dene was to-day making a grievance of, as it obliged him to keep that "bit of his mind" intended for the Squire unspoken for a season. He little thought that he would never speak it.

"What about the Trailing Indian?" suddenly questioned Sir Dene. "Is it shut up?"

"Oh dear no, it's not shut up," said Mr. Friar.

"Who's keeping it open?"

"Emma Geach. She has got Sam Pound and his mother up there for company. I'll look in to-morrow, Sir Dene, when the inquest's over, and tell you about it," added the surgeon, riding to depart.

"The chief witnesses will be myself and Mary Barber."

Sir Dene got to his letter on the following day. While he was at it, Mr. Friar came in to tell him the result of the inquest held at the Trailing Indian—Accidental Death, with a deodand of two pounds on the gun. Had it been anybody's gun but Black's own, the jury would have put on five pounds. Talking with the doctor he grew fatigued; and resumed his letter late in the afternoon. As Sir Dene was folding it, the same difficulty occurred to him that had occured once before; he did not know Tom's address.

"D'ye recollect it, Gander?" he asked, lifting his spectacles to the old serving man, who was hovering by the table, nearly as much interested in the letter and in Tom's recall as his master. "If not, you must go to my lady again."

"It's down stairs in my pantry, Sir Dene. When Mr. Otto was here at Christmas, I got him to write it down in my cellar-book."

Sir Dene wrote Tom's name on the letter; and then took off his spectacles to ease his face while he waited. Gander came back with his cellar-book.

"The letter can't go to-day, Sir Dene. It's too late."

"Too late, is it. I'll leave the direction and the sealing till to-morrow then. I'm tired, Gander. Here; put it in, and lock up the desk."

Gander locked the letter inside the desk, and gave the key to his master. After that, Sir Dene had his dinner, and was more silent in the evening than usual.

"As sure as Fate, she's dead at last!"

The exclamation was Gander's. Saturday morning was well advanced, and the postman had just left a letter for Sir Dene, bearing a Scottish postmark. It was in a strange handwriting, and had an enormous black seal. Gander was drawing his own conclusions as he carried it up—that Mrs. Clanwaring, the heir's mother, was dead. He generally called her by the old name. She had continued weak and poorly since her illness at Christmas; but no danger had been recently apprehended. Gander had liked her always, and was full of sorrow accordingly. His master feeling very weak that day, was remaining in bed.

"I'm afraid here's bad news come, Sir Dene," said Gander, going into the chamber. "And I'd have ye be prepared for't, sir, afore the letter's opened. It—"

"Not from Tom!—anything amiss with Tom?" tremblingly interrupted Sir Dene, catching sight of the great black seal.

"'Taint from Ireland at all, sir, but from Scotland. I'm fearing it's the poor dear lady gone at last, sir! Mrs. Clanwaring."

"It's not Dene's writing!" cried Sir Dene, rather in surprise, as he put on his spectacles.

"No, sir—nor Mr. Charley's either. They'd be too much cut up to write, not a doubt o' it. Both of 'em where fond o' their mother."

Sir Dene, breaking the seal, fixed his eyes on the few lines the letter contained. It seemed that he could not read them. A look of horror stole slowly over his face, and he fell back on the pillow, motioning to Gander to take the letter.

"It can't be! it can't be," he faintly said. "Look! Look."

In surprise and some dread, Gander clapped on his own spectacles to read the lines. And when the reading was accomplished he was not much less overcome than his master.

Oh, it was grievous news. Not Mrs. Clanwaring; it was not she who had died; but her two brave sons, Dene and Charles. They had been drowned in one of the Scottish lakes. A pleasure party of ten young men had set sail in the brightness of the early spring morning, an accident happened, and but two of them lived to land again. Dene and Charles Clanwaring were among the drowned.

Before Gander could at all recover his senses or believe he read aright, all his attention had to be given to his master. Sir Dene was exhibiting symptoms of another fit of paralysis.

"Good mercy avert it!" ejaculated Gander, ringing the bell for help, "and who on earth's come now? That's a travelling chaise a rattling up the gravel!"

Clattering to the door of Beechhurst Dene was a rickety post chaise and pair. It contained Otto Clanwaring, who had travelled down to Worcester by the mail from London. Otto had received the account of his cousins' melancholy fate earlier than Sir Dene. Poor Mrs. Clanwaring—we may as well call her by that name to the end—had been mindful of the old man even in the midst of her sorrow, and asked Otto to go down and break it to him in advance of the direct news. The barrister was not quite in time, as we have seen. Leaping out of the chaise, Otto encountered the scared face of Gander.

"What has brought you here, Mr. Otto?"

"Sad news, Gander; grievous news," was the answer. "I have come to break it to my grandfather."

"Ye're too late then, sir. We had it in a letter, and I'm afeared Sir Dene's a going to get another stroke. This chaise had better go a galloping off for Friar."

"Friar!" returned Otto, "Friar is coming up now: I passed him as he was turning in at the lodge gates."

"Thank goodness for that! it's a great mercy," was the old butler's answer as he turned to run upstairs again.

Too late; too true, Dene Clanwaring, the heir apparent to the title and the estate of Beechhurst Dene, and his brother Charles, *his* presumptive heir, were no more. They had met their death by drowning. Full of health, and spirits, and hopes, and life, their career in this world had been suddenly cut short in its promise, and they were called to meet their Maker. But one short week later, had they been spared, they would have come on a long visit to Beechhurst Dene.

Lady Lydia was as one stunned. She had been wearing out her heart with futile prayers and wishes for the release of her son: but never were the wishes so feverishly earnest as now. Oh, if her best beloved one, Jarvis, could be but there!—if he were but at hand to take up the last heir's place with his grandfather.

"Send for him, send for him!" moaned Sir Dene faintly—and they were the first words he spoke—Lady Lydia, Otto, the surgeon, and Gander stood around his bed. The threatening stroke kept itself off still; but not, as Mr. Friar thought, for long; and Sir Dene seemed weak almost unto death.

"I cannot send for him," bewailed Lady Lydia, in her bewildered state of mind taking the words to be an answer to her thoughts and dropping hot tears. "That is, it's of no use my sending, for he could not come. Oh, Sir Dene, don't you remember. He is in a debtor's prison—as I have been telling you every day for weeks.

Sir Dene looked at her with questioning eyes amid the surrounding silence.

"No! he: not Jarvey," he said when understanding dawned on him. "I don't want *him:* you know it, my lady. I want my own boy, Tom. My heir."

"Tom!" shrieked Lady Lydia. "*Tom*, the heir! Tom!"

"Of course he is the heir, mother," put in Otto. "What are you thinking of?"

It was a positive fact, that the obvious and to her most unwelcome truth, had never crossed her brain. She refused to see it now that it was pointed out: and stared around with frightened eyes.

"Of course it is so," said Otto, answering what the eyes seemed to question. "Tom must come here without delay; I wrote to him before I left London."

"He never shall come: he never shall be the heir," hissed my lady in a storm of passion. "A low-lived, mischief-making, working scapegoat! *He* the heir? Never. I'll not recognize him as such. I will not allow him to be received at Beechhurst Dene."

Perhaps the barrister was not the only one in the room who wondered whether excitement was temporarily turning Lady Lydia's brain. He caught her hand, and drew her beyond the hearing of the invalid.

"Pray exercise your common sense, mother," he quietly said. "Tom Clanwaring is the heir in the sight of man and the country: as much the heir as was the poor fellow who is gone. A few days—I see it in his face," he whispered, indicating Sir Dene—"may more probably a few hours, and Tom will not only be the heir but the master of Beechhurst Dene."

Gander deemed it well to put a spoke in the wheel. "There haint no power that could keep Mr. Tom out on't, my lady. He comes in by the rightful law o' succession. The king and all his nobles couldn't do it."

Lady Lydia sank down on a chair with a low cry; it had despair in its depths. Tom Clanwaring the master! Was *this* to be the ending? Had she schemed and planned and toiled in her underhand way all these long years only for this? Even so. For once right had been stronger than might and had come out triumphant.

But Sir Dene was speaking from the bed.

"It's a'most as it should be," he said—and they had to bend down to catch his accents. "In the old days I'd use to wish my dear son Geoffry was my heir, 'stead o' John; just as later I'd catch myself wishing 'twas Geoffry's son, 'stead o' Dene. For I never loved any of 'em as I've loved Tom. Dene was good and dutiful to me, and I loved him next best; but Tom I had here as a baby, you see, and he grew up in my heart. It has pleased the Lord to take Dene and Charley on before me to the better Land—and I hope in His mercy we shall soon meet there, and dwell together forever! Tom, he has got to fulfill Dene's duties here; and he'll do it well. It's not the ordering of man but of Heaven."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Few Western towns seem to think they have all the modern improvements just now unless they have a "ghost" and several "weird faces on window-panes." Crawfordsville, Ind., on its part, reports a ghost that not only makes strange noises, but in a single midnight hour lays more bricks than a first-class mason could lay in a week. That's the right sort of ghost to have round.

☞ It is a sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men, who boast of their coats-of-arms, had no coats to either their arms or their backs.

☞ New York clergymen are reaping a rich harvest in marriage fees, there now being more than a hundred weddings a week in that city.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

It was a Sunday afternoon in August, and the sunbeams fell brightly among the golden cornfields, and lent fresh beauty to the hop gardens of a little English village.

A wayworn, dusty traveller, seated wearily on a rustic stile, was the only figure that seemed not to harmonize with the peaceful landscape and its surroundings. He was young, not thirty probably, of a fine person, and eminently handsome. More than that, his beauty was as much that of refinement and intellect as of mere physical gifts. He was a man from foreign parts evidently.

His dress was not such as the peasants who passed were in the habit of seeing: his manner and bearing, even in repose, were different; there was something remarkable in the sad, longing, wistful gaze which he fixed intently on the square church tower just visible through the tall elm trees.

Presently, heaving a deep sigh, and greedily inhaling the perfumed breeze, as if he would drink in the whole of the lovely landscape at one mighty draught, he slowly descended from his rustic resting-place, and with sauntering and irresolute step, proceeded in the direction of the village church, still keeping by the margin of the river.

"Seven years—and what years?—seven years ago I stood not far from where I now stand, and registered a vow. That vow I have kept; and now I revisit this well-known spot, so unchanged as if I might have left it only yesterday; but I—am I changed? Others, too? Seven years is a long time. I almost wish I had never returned. What is my object I scarcely know; but—gracious Heaven!—what form is this? Down, beating heart, it cannot be! The grave has long since closed over that fair pattern of unrivalled loveliness!"

And still the object of his surprise—a beautiful maiden, moving "in meditation fancy free"—approached nearer and nearer, and still his surprise grew stronger. It was not so much a path they both trod as a sinuous passage, which the feet of the passers-by had worn to a color slightly fainter than the rich verdure of the surrounding meadows, a winding thread of grayish green. She was within a few paces, and unconscious of any presence, apparently, save her own. At length she raised her eyes—they met his own burning, questioning, startled gaze. A momentary, a wondrous, expression overspread her features. And then, with the impassive aspect of entire unrecognition, she pursued the even tenor of her way, for all his fixed and stony attitude and gaze of increased wonderment, until the hedgerows had hidden her form.

Not more motionless the pillar of salt than the stony attitude of that man, who, with a similar retroverted gaze, stood rooted to the ground in the very centre of the broad meadow by the Severn's bank on that fair Sabbath eve. But across the pliant muscles and changing lineaments of his face the varying passions chased each other as rapidly as the alternate clouds and sunshine of an April day. Doubt, certainty, surprise, love, hope, hatred—no, not that, but a dark and angry glance, begotten of a supposed contemptuous slight—the warmth of the sunshine, the baleful flash of the lightning—all were there indexed on the tell-tale mirror of his inmost soul, according as the conviction flashed upon him that she for whose love he had become "a banished man," whom he had long thought dead, still lived, and recognising, had scorned him; or, with the rapid inconsistency of passion, persuaded himself that he was in all these respects deceived.

"Could it but be possible!" he muttered, with suppressed passion; "could it only be! But, no; I am not reserved for that—for her scorn!"

At this very moment it was that there was wafted across the evening breeze a sound which smote from his heart in one moment all of wrath, all of hatred, and changed the man's nature, rendering him "meek and gentle as a little child."

During all those long and weary years of banishment—beneath the tropics, on the sandy deserts, lost in primeval forests—had memory recalled and fancy echoed that never-forgotten sound: the music of evening bells, the silvery Sabbath bells of the village where his childhood had passed away, where youth and early manhood had peacefully glided by.

He flung himself on the greensward, and in an agony of tenderness and remorse abandoned himself to feelings which, pent up and suppressed for years, now for the first time found vent in tears. Prostrate and motionless, there on the spot his infant steps had often pressed he lay till the holy sounds were hushed. He then arose, and in humble mood calmly took his way to the churchyard. With unfaltering steps, he proceeded straight to where, apart from the rest, a "mouldering turf," unadorned by tomb or headstone, heaved its unnoticed head. He knew it well. It had been the last object of his solicitude when, years ago, he had visited it by moonlight. He had good reason to know it, for he who slept beneath had been, in the early days, when friendship is no mere name, dear to him as life—dear by reason of his own bright nature, dear as the only and beloved brother of his betrothed, dearer still by reason of the mighty sacrifice and sufferings he had undergone on his behalf. The setting rays of the sun rested upon the turf, warm as the loving glance of woman. Flowers grew around the grave—flowers not faded as those which betoken forgetfulness, but fresh, well-tended, and of a rarer kind. Not forgotten was he who lay beneath—evidently not *forgotten*. This gave him a mournful pleasure. On looking around, after many minutes of silent meditation, he was surprised to perceive that, at a few feet distance, was a twin grave, resembling in all respects that of his friend—the turf equally smooth, the flowers equal in their freshness and rarity.

"It is true, then," he softly murmured, "and my disordered imagination has deceived me. Who but a beloved sister could venture, in death, to sleep so near the ill-starred youth she loved so well in life? But I will know before leaving forever the scenes of my infancy, thrice-hallowed now by memories more sacred than ever. It is but right; I will leave nothing to uncertainty. There is one man, and one alone, who can relieve my doubts. I will seek him at once."

And retracing his steps, he made his way, by a sequestered path, until he came to a small inn called the Quay—the only one which then existed in that quiet neighborhood.

Lifting the latch, he found himself in a room which was at once the kitchen and the public room of the little hostelry. He asked the good woman for a glass of cider, and, taking a seat where he might, without being himself observed, notice those who entered, prepared to await with what patience he might the person he was in search of. Nor had he long to wait.

A young man of about his own age presently entered, and having exchanged a few words with the hostess, was in the act of quitting the place, when his eye fell upon the solitary stranger.

A sudden start, a look of intelligence, and a token of caution, expressed by the raising of his finger to his lips, proved clearly that this man, at least, had not forgotten him. He thought it still best, however, to wait and watch the result.

In a few minutes, one by one the guests took their departure. It was not till they had all gone that the woman, with a meaning glance, asked him if he would not prefer finishing his cider in the fresh air.

"There is no one there, Mr. Arthur," she whispered. "You know the old arbor; and Reuben is waiting till all is quiet."

These words, whispered in a low tone as she approached under the pretence of removing his glass, entirely removed all doubt from his mind as to the fact of these two early acquaintances having recognized him. Thanking her with a grateful smile and a nod of the head, he at once stepped forth into the cool evening air.

"I knew you at once, Mr. Arthur. I saw you in the churchyard, too, but I wasn't quite sure then. Besides, I wondered if you would have risked it."

"You think, then, my good Reuben, that I ought not to have returned? And yet you know, if no other living person does, that there is no reason why I should not return to this neighborhood."

"No other living man, Mr. Arthur? For heaven's sake, what do you mean? You haven't—"

"Of what do you suspect me?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, before he went away, Mr. Hewitt, he told me—and the tears were in his eyes when he said it—that he could stand it no longer, and that he would hunt the wide world over till he found you, and you—pardon me, sir—you were always so passionate and hasty."

"I see. You think, then, your old friend and master may in other lands have revenged himself on his friend. No! Silas Hewitt kept his word. He did for years try to discover my whereabouts. At last he succeeded; we met. I was with him till his death."

"He is dead, then? I think I see it now. You are free to speak. Oh, say that it is so—not only for your own sake. There is one who loves you well, Mr. Arthur, in spite of all that has passed; and more than that, in spite of all she believes has passed."

"In heaven's name, tell me what you mean! Is not Grace Lascelles dead? I heard of her death abroad; nay, did I not stand by her grave this very evening? Speak truly, and speak quickly—speak to me rather as your old schoolfellow than as your former master."

"Miss Lascelles is dead, but not Miss Grace—it was her cousin. You remember her, surely, Mr. Arthur? She and poor Mr. Herbert were not only cousins but lovers. But after that terrible affair she never smiled again, but died within a year—no, it was on the very day of the month a year after."

"Poor girl! poor Blanche! she was almost as beautiful as her cousin. But tell me more. I met—I cannot now be mistaken—I met—"

"Miss Grace?"

"Yes; in the meadow yonder, not three hours since."

"Like enough; poor young lady! She is as good as she is beautiful. Doubtless she was walking to Ripple to teach the young lasses in their psalmody. She lives there now with her uncle. But Mr. Arthur, you will excuse me—I am but a poor man, but one you were always kind to, and to my poor old mother who is now gone—it seems to me there is only one thing you ought to do."

"And that is?"

"Clear yourself. Go to Miss Grace and tell her all; it is only fair to her, poor young lady! She has suffered much, sir. For a long time it was thought she would die, and folks did look to see her laid side by side with the other two."

After a considerable pause, Arthur Lytton—for that was the wanderer's name—said—

"Leave me now, Reuben. It is necessary that I should think. I do not stop to thank you now; my mind is utterly bewildered, and I would fain know what is best. Leave word for me, or find me at the Star inn in Upton, and I will tell you my plans; there may be better days in store for us. Your hand, old schoolfellow!"

And with a sad smile he extended his own hand to the honest grasp of his companion.

Scarcely knowing whither, he continued to saunter broodingly along the bank of the river, down through the fields and along the hedgerows of Severn End. His heart beat fast, he felt that a crisis in his life—a crisis only less than that which had driven him into exile—was at hand.

The summer moon was high in the cloudless heavens, shining with that pure and tranquil light which has so often rebuked and calmed the passions of man.

At length he found himself again approaching the churchyard, where lay the bosom friend of his youth, supposed to have fallen by his hand in a moment of ungovernable passion. He neared the grave once more. Where the warm rays of the departing sun had rested, now fell the silvery beams of the full moon, so clear, so bright, that not a flower that decked the graves, scarcely a fibre of the mossy turf, but was distinctly traceable.

But it was not only "the turf that wraps the silent dead" which sparkled in the moonbeams on that fair summer's eve. Robed in spotless white, the delicate contour of her form standing out in the clear light in faint but exquisite relief, with a face upturned as if in communion with the spirits of the just made perfect, heedless of the dews of heaven, between the grave of her murdered brother and his too faithful love, sat Grace Lasceller.

He stood motionless for awhile, struck dumb with surprise, with admiration, and with a love too mighty for words. At length, approaching so near to her that his foot-print brushes the turf within a yard of her robe, in a voice almost inarticulate through the emotions by which he was overpowered, Arthur Lytton breathed the name of his beloved.

She neither started nor affected surprise, but with a quiet and dignified mien slowly rose, and without one word stood face to face with the man who had been the lover of her youth, whom—though she would never suffer herself to own, or even believe in the traitorous passion—she still loved, and had loved consciously, even though she viewed him as the slayer of her own brother, and the cause of death to the only companion, cousin, and friend of her own sex she had ever known.

And again, with a voice gaining strength from the memory of his wrongs, and the consciousness of his injured innocence, Arthur Lytton uttered the name of his beloved—

"Grace!"

"What man is that?" she replied, with a voice quivering through contending emotions. "What man is that who, standing at his very victims' graves, dares to desecrate the spot sacred to their dust by the pretence of penitence? And who is he that dares address Grace Lascelles as if he were to her more than the outer world or less than an object of scorn?"

But as she looked her lover full in the face, there was that which caused her heart to beat with feelings which were certainly not those of scorn, and prepared her to listen.

"Grace Lascelles, answer me as a true woman. In the days you knew me, did you ever know me pledge my word to what was false?"

"I will do you justice: you never lied."

"I stood by this grave seven years ago this very night. The moon shone as fairly on this new-piled turf as it shines at this very moment. My heart was breaking; but not even the unjust brand of homicide and the loss of your love could tempt me to break my plighted word to one who was as dearly knit to both of us as we were to one another. Would you know now, here by your dead brother's grave, with my foot upon his turf, and my heart and conscience bared to heaven—would you learn what vow it was I made?"

"Speak!"

"That I would never while he lived, or without his express sanction, divulge that it was by Silas Hewitt's hand your brother Herbert fell."

Not one word more was said. With a faint cry like that of a wounded hare, and as suddenly as though a shaft had pierced her heart, the fair girl drooped, faluted, and would have fallen to the earth but for the protecting arm her lover cast around her.

Pure in word and deed herself, she did not for one moment doubt the absolute and righteous truth of what she had heard. And with that conviction came in a moment rushing to her brain and heart the consciousness of her own injustice, of his long, long agony, of his noble nature, and all that had resulted from a generous friendship and truthfulness. It was too much, the revulsion of feeling from misery and despair—for she then only knew, in that supreme moment, how true her own heart had been—were too powerful, too resistless, and she fell lifeless into the arms which, in all those years of self-denial, had yearned thus to embrace her.

By slow degrees consciousness returned, and the warm blood again coursed through its virgin channels. They were not alone; it was, perhaps, well they were not; much unutterable pain was spared them by the presence of a third person—one whom they both knew to be a firm though humble friend. And it was in the presence of Reuben Clark—who himself witnessed the fatal blow, dealt in a moment of anger, and who had been bound by the same vow (most reluctantly bound)—that Grace Lascelles listened to the recital of all that passed on that ill-omened day, and of many things which had passed since.

It was but the year before that, in the forests of the Far West, Arthur Lytton had, by one of those wonderful meetings which man will insist on ascribing to chance, rescued the former friend of his youth from the death which hunters brave; but not in time to save him from a lingering death.

It was during the interval between his fatal wound and the final hour when his forgiving friend closed his eyes that Hewitt, with sincere expressions of penitence, had drawn up, in the shape of a letter addressed to Grace, the full account of that catastrophe which had destroyed two lives, and wrecked the happiness of those who survived.

In the spring, Arthur Lytton bore his bride away. By the death of her uncle she inherited a fair estate, and as it was bequeathed in the earnest hope, rather than by an express command, that they should reside at the ancestral seat of the family, it was not in natures so ingenious as theirs to fail compliance with the last wishes of a kind and generous man. They therefore removed northwards, and the village of their infancy knew them no more. They resolved never to erect to their hapless relatives either tablet or tomb, but for many years a pilgrimage was paid by both to the quaint little graveyard, and later might be seen fair young children, who decked with choicest flowers the simple graves of those at the recital of whose sad history their young eyes had shed their earliest tears of intelligence and grief.

J. M. S.

☞ A new and mysterious enemy of sheep, more fatal even than the murderous dogs, has made its appearance and dreadfully ravaged the flocks of Manitowoc, in Wisconsin. The animals being found dead, no marks of violence are to be observed, save a small hole behind the ear, from which the blood has been sucked. This has led to the conclusion that the destroyer is a kind of bat, or more properly speaking, vampire—a creature which even men may fear, since it may not have an exclusive taste for the vital fluid of the muttons. This, with the curculio and potato-bug, renders our present assortment of noxious vermin very complete.

☞ Mr. Ruskin has just announced his determination to invest £1,000 for the purchase of land which is to be converted into a sort of agricultural paradise, where "unlimited manual labor is to be put upon it until we have every foot of it under as strict care as a flower garden." The laborers who work upon it, and for whose use it is given, are to be well paid, and their children well educated, "the youth of both sexes being disciplined daily in the strictest practice of vocal music."

☞ Picnic parties are becoming epidemic in Roundout, New York. All young unmarried ladies are crazy for them. It happened in this way: A few days ago there was a quiet little affair of the kind, in which six couples participated. After the lunch had been disposed of, they strolled off in different directions, as inclination or accident led them. After a ramble of an hour or so, they gathered together again and returned home. Subsequently, in the mutual confidences exchanged among the young ladies, it leaked out that in that brief hour six engagements to marry had been made, and the whole party thus disposed of.

☞ Woman's Rites—Putting on her chignon, arranging her curls, buttoning her gaiters, and adjusting her Grecian bend and things.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

"You see that skeleton, in the case against the wall, with a pistol in his hand?" said the Professor; "well, there's a story connected with it of a somewhat thrilling character."

I drew up my chair nearer to the genial old German doctor. His words interested me. We had been acquainted but a short time, but I rather liked his quaint, old-fashioned ways, and had visited him several times.

"Go on, doctor," said I, "let's hear it."

"Well, my dear sir," he continued, "you will doubtless have remarked it as a singular law of nature that whenever a man lives all by himself, in a particularly old and shabby-looking house, he invariably acquires the reputation of being immensely rich. Perhaps my paying so high for fossils and skeletons gave some color to the myth in my case: but at any rate I was soon known in Heidelberg as 'the rich Professor Weisenbart,' and my friends began to warn me that if I did not take care I might some day chance to get robbed.

"Now, at that time I had but one servant, who had been with me many years, and was beginning to get old and feeble. Every one said that he was not enough to take care of the house by himself, and that I'd better have a younger man to help him; but I didn't like to vex poor old Johann by seeming to think him past work, so I just let things go on as they were. He was a capital servant, and did his work as well as man could do; but he had one failing. Every now and then, when the chance offered, he would"—a significant gesture of the professor's hand, as if lifting a glass to his lips, completed the sentence.

"H'm! rather a bad fault in a man upon whom the safety of the house depended," observed I.

"So I thought," answered the professor; and more than once I doubted whether it might not be as well to take my friends' advice after all, and engage a second servant. But I kept putting it off, and putting it off, till at last I got punished for my hesitation, as you shall hear.

"One night I had sent Johann out to do some marketing, and was expecting him back every minute. As a rule, whenever he went abroad he took the house-key (of which I had a duplicate) along with him; so that nobody could get in till he came back, unless I chose to let them. He was very punctual on the whole; but this time, ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and there was no sign of him. I began to fear that he might have taken a glass too much, as he sometimes did, and was just thinking of going to look after him, when, all at once, I heard, far down below, a noise as if the house-door had been suddenly opened and shut again, and then a step coming up the stairs right toward my door. I have a quick ear of my own, and it struck me directly that the tread was firmer and heavier than old Johann's. I guessed at once that there had been foul play somewhere, and for a moment I thought of locking my door and calling for help through the window; but, on second thoughts, I decided that it would be better to let the intruder (whoever he might be) come right up to me, and to see what he really wanted."

I looked at the professor with involuntary admiration. To hear this little, delicate, benevolent-looking old gentleman talking so coolly of deliberately allowing a robber (perhaps more than one) to march right into his room at night, without stirring a step to give the alarm, simply because he "thought it better to see what he wanted," had a really heroic flavor about it; and I bent eagerly forward to hear the sequel of the adventure.

"The door opened," pursued my friend, "and in came a tall, burly fellow, with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand. The moment he was in, he locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket, and came forward to the table where I was sitting.

"'Now, my old 'un,' said he, with a chuckle, 'we've got the house all to ourselves. Your servant is lying fast asleep under the club-room table at the Thirsty Fox. Drugged beer's a fine thing to make a man sleep sound, and he won't wake much before to-morrow morning. In the mean time, out with your money, or you're a dead man.'

"He cocked his pistol as he spoke, and levelled it at my forehead.

"You will think that I must have been frightened; but, strange as it may seem, I was not. Had I met this man in the street, or out in the open country, he would have been on his own ground; but here, within the walls of my laboratory, he was on mine. He came to me in the guise of a new experiment, and I felt him in my power. Before he had done speaking, I had tried him in my own mind, condemned him, and sentenced him to death."

Soft and pleasant as the old man's voice was, there was a hard metallic ring in it just then, and an ominous compression of the small delicate mouth, which showed me, for the first time, what this quiet good-humored scholar might be capable of doing. After a pause, he resumed:—

"'Well, I can't resist you,' said I to the robber, assuming a look of terror such as I had not worn since I went up for my first examination as a candidate at Jena. 'I'll give you all I have, and when you have taken it, I hope you'll be satisfied and do me no further injury.'

"'Oh, I'll be satisfied when I touch the money, never fear, old boy,' answered he with a laugh. 'Come, out with it, quick.'

"'It's in that bureau yonder,' replied I, throwing a key on the table; 'help yourself.'

"I need not tell you that in the whole bureau there was not a single *pfennig;* but he went towards it to unlock it, which was all I wanted."

"Ah, you wanted to get a chance of sticking him from behind, I suppose?" said I, secretly marvelling at the strategic ability of this pacific man of letters.

"My dear sir," returned the professor, with an air of grand contempt, "science does not fight with such coarse material means as those. I have told you that I regarded this man in the light of an experiment, and I acted accordingly. If you wish to know *what* was my real object in sending him to the bureau, step forward and press your heel upon that little knob in the floor."

I obeyed, and was not a little startled when a good square yard of the flooring immediately in front of the bureau gave way with a loud whirring noise, disclosing a black chasm of unknown depth, from which arose the hoarse gurgle of running water.

"Why, you don't mean to say—" faltered I, glancing from the ghastly abyss below to the benevolent face of the savant, which looked milder and more benevolent than ever.

"Precisely so," answered the professor with a genial smile, and rubbing his little fat hands gleefully. "That's the Neckar which you hear grumbling down yonder; but there was a good yard of dry pavement beside it for him to fall upon, and it *sufficed.* Unhappily, the fall necessarily occasioned certain injuries to his anatomical structure, which, however, my humble knowledge of surgery has, as you see, enabled me to repair." (And he pointed to the pistol-bearing skeleton with a complacent air.) "Why do you look so shocked, my friend? it was a fair trial of skill against strength. He, the man of brute force, attempted to entrap me, the man of science—and he was caught in his own trap. Fill your glass, my friend," cried the professor enthusiastically; "fill your glass, and let us drink to the great scientific movement which has made Europe the first quarter of the world, and Germany the first country in Europe!"

I filled my glass, though I did not drink but made some excuse, and gladly left the house.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ Girl loafers—Female bakers.

☞ White robins are now being captured in various parts of the country.

☞ A proud Detroit boy wouldn't take two cents' reward for finding a pocket-book.

☞ An economical Minnesotean remains unmarried because he could not get a license for "four shillings."

☞ Savannah makes 1,000,000 cigars annually.

☞ Saratoga girls organized an Anti-Kissing Society—but 15 out of the 23 members were fined the first week.

☞ An old lady, writing to her son out West, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowl alleys.

☞ The phrase "put a head on him" is said to owe it origin to Shakespeare, who, in Titus Andronicus, calls upon the people to "help to put a head on headless Rome."

☞ A man in Wisconsin planted a box of pills mistaking them for melon seeds.

☞ A Michigan doctor, who was arrested because his patient died, has been acquitted on the ground that he did the best he could, giving all the medicines he knew the names of.

☞ A Detroit saloon has a cartoon representing G. Washington in the act of drinking a glass of lager.

☞ The meanest railroad in the country is thus described: "It ballasts its bed with sand, it starts with a jerk and stops with a jam, and hires the smallest conductors it can find to save carrying weight."

☞ The speed of the great horse Dexter has been beaten by Goldsmith Maid. This took place at Milwaukee on Wednesday last in a trotting-match with the mare Lucy. She made the three heats in 2.20¼, 2.17, and 2.20½. The course was afterward measured, and found to be sixty-nine feet over a mile. Dexter will of course try again.

☞ A man of talent is lost if he does not join to talent energy of character. With the lantern of Diogenes you should also have his stick.

☞ Very recently, Martha Walker, a young Englishwoman, climbed the famous Matterhorn, over 14,700 feet high, in company with her father, aged 65. The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks to ascend—and has rarely been attempted by a woman. The lady is well named, having climbed Monts Blanc, Rosa, and other peaks with little fatigue.

☞ A gentleman recently made the journey between San Francisco and Liverpool in only seventeen days!

☞ It is stated that the monotony of army life at our Western posts drives many men to desertion, and numbers of them join the Indians. Sixty went off from Fort Hays in one lot recently, and only eight have been recaptured. Every Indian tribe, it is said, has some of these deserters domiciled—and they are, strange to say, foremost in the savage cruelties committed in the raids of their respective bands.

☞ A lady of Mobile, is said to be confined to her bed from the effects of poison, manifesting itself in sores about the mouth, caused by biting her thread while working with green sewing-silk, which probably contained arsenic.

☞ Regarding parentage, Bacon makes the curious statement that "those that resemble the mother most, are longest lived."

☞ Snipkin don't see how it is that nobody attaches any blame to the locomotive for the recent railroad accident. He says if the locomotive had not been there the accident would not have happened.

BE SURE they sleep not whom God needs.
Nor fear
Their holding light His charge, when every hour
That finds that charge delayed is a new death—*Robert Browning.*

☞ New York ladies, according to one of the fashion magazines, carry pearl powder with them on the promenade, and when their faces become red by the heat, "they pause ostensibly to peep into an interesting shop window, and utilising the plate of glass and using it for a mirror, dip their handkerchiefs in their powder magazines and retouch their glowing faces with the pallor-producing material."

☞ The Titusville Herald's society notes describe a belle who "attracts much attention since she got her new teeth. She sings divinely, and when vocalising always puts her teeth on the piano."

☞ In one of the mounds of the Miami Valley, Ohio, a patient antiquarian has come upon evidence of a buried civilization, in the shape of the tail of a lamb about four inches long, of blue stone. It bears a petrified ripple suggestive of a fleece, and is believed to be the same little lamb which Mary had on one occasion when she was endeavoring to obtain the rudiments of her education.

☞ W. W. Story, the sculptor, lately told a correspondent of The Methodist why he worked in Rome and not in America. The strongest of all his reasons was, that in America one always has the feeling of hurry. "The busy life at home," he says, "drives one too rapidly. You always feel the crack of the whip behind you. The very air, as yet, is laden with too much bustle and excitement for the true disciple of art. Your nerves are always overstrained, and you wear out before your ideals are realized."

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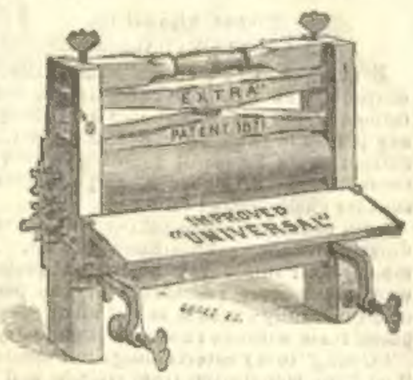

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Pistol Shooting.

A COUNTER CHALLENGE.

Edmund W. Paul, of St. Louis, Missouri, having by the "frequent and urgent solicitations of his friends," issued a challenge to any person in the United States to perform certain feats in pistol shooting which he enumerates. J. Phoenix, Esq., delivers a counter challenge, as follows:

I am unable to see anything very extraordinary in the propositions of Mr. Edmund W. Paul. Any person, acquainted with the merest rudiments of the pistol, could certainly execute any or all of the proposed feats without the slightest difficulty.

"Owing" to my entertaining these opinions, "without solicitation from friends, and unbiassed by unworthy motives," I am induced to make the following propositions:

1. I will suspend *two* dollars by a ring from a second person's nose, so as to bring the coins within three-fourths of an inch from his face, and with a double-barrelled shot-gun, at a distance of thirty feet, will blow dollars, nose, and man at least thirty feet further, four times out of five. I will add, in explanation, that, San Diego containing a rather intelligent community, I can find, at present, no one here willing or ready to have his nose blown in this manner; but I have no manner of doubt I could obtain such a person from St. Louis, by Adams and Co.'s Express, in due season.

2. I will hit a dollar, or anything else that has been tossed in the air (of the same size, on a wheel, *on a pole or axletree, or on the ground*, every time out of five.

3. At the word, I will place five balls on the blade of a penknife, and split them all!

4. I will hit three men out of five, sprung from obscure parentage, and standing within ten feet of a steel-trap (properly set) while shooting!

5. I will break, at the word, a whole box of common clay pipes, with a single brick, at a distance of thirty feet.

6. I engage to prove, by a fair trial, that no pistol-shot (or other person) can be produced, who will throw more apples at a man's head than I can. Moreover, I can produce in this town more than sixty persons willing and ready to hold an apple on their heads for me, provided they are allowed to eat the apple subsequently.

7. I will wager, lastly, that no person in the United States can be produced, who, with a double-barrelled shot-gun, while throwing a back-handed somersault, can hit oftener a dollar and a half, on the perimeter of a *revolving* wheel, *in rapid motion*, than I can.

Propositions will be received on the first of April next.

JOHN PHOENIX.

1384 Seventeenth Street, Valhalla.

"*Ne compra ore aqui*, up stairs."

P. S.—Satisfactory references given and required. A bet from a steady, industrious person, who will be apt to pay if he loses, will meet with prompt attention. J. P.

A Mystery.

Two darkies had bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his share in, trusted the whole to Julius' keeping. Next morning they met, when Julius said:

"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam. All mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, dis mornin' I went down in de cellar for to get a piece of hog for breakfast, and I put my hand down into de brine an' felt round, but no pork dere—all gone—couldn't tell what he went with it; so I turned up the bar'l, an', Sam, true as preachin', de rats had eat a hole clar from de bottom ob de bar'l, and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said:

"Why didn't de brine run out ob de hole?"

"An, Sam, dat's de mystery."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—A writer in a Virginia paper tells a pleasantly characteristic story of John Randolph. Mr. Randolph was engaged to Miss ———, a very beautiful young Virginian, who lived near the Randolph place. One day the lover was seen to quit the lady's residence in what might be described as a "state of mind." It turned out that the father of the lady had proposed that Mr. Randolph should settle a sum of money upon the bride, whereupon the spirited lover remarked: "It is not my purpose to purchase. When I desire to purchase, I shall go to the cheapest market—I shall go to Africa." With this he left the house, went to where his horse was tied, cut the reins, and immediately disappeared.

A FRENCHMAN'S TROUBLES.—Prof. Dubois, writes us from Portsmouth, R. I., of his experiences. On one occasion, after paying his bill at a hotel, the landlord told him he was square. "I told him," says the Professor, "I never knew I was square before." "Good-by," said he. "You'll be round soon." "I thought you said I was square?" "Oh, yes," said he; "but I mean you'll soon be round—you won't be long?" "Of course," I replied, "if I am square, I will neither be long nor round." The Professor has made so many of these comical blunders that he has entered the lecture field, taking "Blunders" for his subject.

A TOUCHING CASE.—A man in Wisconsin has applied for a divorce, upon the ground that his wife married him under false pretences. He says she told him while he was addressing her, that she could hoe an acre of potatoes and split two cords of wood between breakfast and dinner; and she had proved herself a tearful fraud because she could only split half a cord and hoe only three times across the field. It seems hard that men are continually to be made the victims of these designing women. Why will wives trifle in this manner with the tenderest affections of their husbands? Why will they thus shatter their heart-strings?

AN INDIAN being asked what he did for a living, replied,

"Oh! me preach."

"Preach!" said a bystander; "what do you get for it?"

"Sometimes me get shillin', sometimes two shillin'."

"Well, ain't that mighty poor pay?"

"Oh yes, but it's mighty poor preaching."

☞ The late Mr. R. Stevenson employed sound signals worked by machinery at the Bell Rock Light-house in 1808, and he then established the fact that of all sound signals the horn was the best, being more effective than guns, bells or whistles.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

PARSON.—"I have missed you from your pew of late, Mr. Stubbings—"

FARMER (apologetically.)—"Well, sir, I hev' been to meet'n' lately. But—you see, sir, the Reverend Mr. Scowles o' the Chapel, he bought some pigs o' me, and I thought I ought to give him a turn."

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

BY PHEBE CARY.

O Rosamond, thou fair and good,
And perfect flower of womanhood,
Thou royal rose of June,
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in the first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'Twere better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head—
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way—
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From Heaven's unclouded day?

O friend so true, O friend so good—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms—
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That through this lonesome world till now
We walk with empty arms?

And yet, had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted—
Had life been always fair—
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bonds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be:
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled;

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death;
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward.

A Few Suggestions about the Baby.

As for the baby, whatever rudimentary arts he may develop, he does not show the slightest possible glimpse of the development of moral sense. His notions of sleep are simply inordinate. His times for awakening are the small hours, when all conscientious people are asleep. He then displays a capacity for yelling, which otherwise could hardly be expected from so minute an insect. At other times he reclines, sucking his thumb in dumb yearning after a pipe, or doubling his fist in lively anticipation of life's coming struggles. A baby is generally born looking extremely old. One almost begins to speculate whether the platonic theory of reminiscence may not be true, and whether this alleged baby may not be some extremely old gentleman who has acted rather badly in another sphere of existence, and has another mundane chance given him. Babies look awfully old and wrinkled when they are born. Sometimes they look ninety: but I have seen them look as young as eight-and-forty. In a few days they throw off the old existence, and are fairly embarked upon this real sea of human life, where they will have rocks and shoals and quicksands enough before they can come into any sort of haven. Yes, there is something maddening about a baby. Boswell is reported to have once said to Dr. Johnson: "Sir, what would you do if you were shut up in a tower with a baby?" I forget what the response was. "Sir, you are a fool," I suppose, or something equally as laconic and straightforward. The suggestion is an awful one, probably an impossible one; but still the dread idea recurs; "What would a man do if he were shut up alone with a baby?"

☞ Some one truly says: "No woman can be a lady who can wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, or how cultivated she may be, she is, in reality, coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman."

Do You Remember?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"Do you remember," said my friend to me, as we walked under the beech trees in the dear home-place; "do you remember how dismal the old place used to look in the days when you and I were young? Even in the brightest summer days it was gloomy; but now, with the oaks cut down and the maples thinned, and the garden laid out so artistically, (they had an English gardener for it all, dear,) it is quite a different place!"

"Quite a different place, indeed!"

"Do *you* remember," I said softly to my own heart, "just how the dear old place used to look when you and I were young? Was it dismal or gloomy to *us*? Do you remember the grand old oaks, and the bright young maples, in whose branches the birds sang from morning till night; in whose pleasant shadows we walked at the still evening hour, and watched between the branches the little stars shine out?

Do you remember the sweet white clover that grew along the fence, and the starry daisies that gleamed in the tall grass?

The broad meadows where we used to wander at noon-day to smell the new-mown hay? What a delicious perfume was in the air, and how sweet were the songs the young men and maidens sang, as they went home together through the rosy sunset!

And do you remember the wide open door on the broad piazza, over which clambered the woodbine? And the genial face looking out for the loiterers? Ah, there is no face there to-day, and no welcome for us within the dear old walls!

Strangers are there to-day, and the old place is sadly changed. But do you remember how it seemed then?

But only an echo came back from the air, and I knew that only *my* heart remembered!

Sir Walter Scott.

There is a grandeur in the life which is above common rules—which is a law unto itself—exempted by its great endowments from the common course of living. Such an existence, when it is pure like Wordsworth's commands our respect and almost awe. When it is wild and irregular like Byron's it moves us to seek out every eager excuse for that light, leading ever astray, which still is light from heaven. But how much nobler, how much more truly great, is the life raised by genius above the common level, but loyally subject to all the daily burdens of humanity, throwing off no yoke; patient, not petulant under every restraint; if one thing fails, cheerfully, bravely, with a smile, taking up another. This is a subject of which we cannot trust ourselves to speak, so infinitely, to our thinking, does this broad loyal simple humanity, the common nature sublimated and expanded all over, not individualized into sharp identity, transcend those lower peaks of obstinate, self-regarding, self-idolising personality. Scott conducts himself throughout, in his faults as in his virtues, as any ordinary man of generosity and honor would have done. He seeks no benefit of clergy. He toils, mortgages himself, anticipates the exertions of his own future, as if he had been no poet, but an honest man struggling hard by sacrifice and manual labor—common work—to keep his head above water, and save himself and his friends. He takes no thought for his own ruffled *amour propre*, makes no moan over the hard necessity of putting his Pegasus into harness. Far other is the effect of necessity and embarrassment upon him. That which the poor scribbler mourns over as a degradation of his genius, this man accepted without a whisper or a thought of shame. It was no ignominy and no grief to him that he had to keep all his mighty faculties in constant exercise, and work like a slave or a giant for the money which was needed. Neither his work nor his anxiety disturbed the gracious nature which through all could take its pleasure, could bear up and press on, ever with more and more work, and ever dragging after him, upheld by his strong arm, the incapable souls whose fault it was. His poetic contemporaries, while he went through this long struggle, were preaching to the world the necessity laid upon it of providing a peaceful nest and a sheltered site for a man of genius, in order that he might work without care or restraint; while gayly in his fetters, bound hand and foot, anxiously striving only to keep on, and not to fail, this man of genius lived and labored. Honor and highest praise to the brave soul who was first of all things a man before ever he was a poet! He did it—and Shakspeare—no more.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A man out West died a few minutes after being married.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. D. (Algona, Iowa,) writes: "I am a young man, twenty-one years old, and am greatly in love with a young lady a little older; and I would like to marry her but I am afraid. She is a little, just a little, 'strong minded,' and goes to 'women's rights' meetings. This seems quite harmless, but I no lee that something ails all or these women. They are all poor housekeepers, and their kitchens have a bad smell. They also seem to lack womanly instincts. One has no children; another pretends to be a doctor, and goes off for whole days and leaves her children dirty and hungry, and her husband seldom knows where she is, day or night. Another one, who was a pleasant woman a few years ago, has got so that she can't rest unless she is rolling out long words and bombastic phrases in a loud affected voice, that makes me shudder; and she not long ago weaned her little baby to go away from home, and left it, and it died. Do you think a tendency to be 'strong minded' *necessarily* indicates traits of character like these. I love this lady very much, but I would die rather than marry a woman like these." Your case is indeed a desperate one, and with your experience of the strong minded sisterhood you may well hold back in dread. Still it does not always do to apply general laws to particular cases. Though public spirited ladies are apt to forsake the kitchen in their devotion to the rostrum, it does not follow that peculiar opinions are incompatible with good housekeeping. A man may be a strong politician, yet a good mechanic, and why not a woman? We have known cases such as you describe, and yet must acknowledge that one of the most determined woman's rights advocates we know is at the same time one of the best of housekeepers. You had better adopt the old plan of laying a broomstick in her way, and decide according as she picks it up or leaves it lie. Of course we mean a metaphorical broomstick. You certainly must have means of judging of her tastes and abilities, and should avail yourself of every opportunity of becoming acquainted with her disposition. What you consider strong minded ones, may take no offensive direction; and the possession of a vigorous mind is a virtue in a woman as well as are fine powers of scrubbing and bread making.

E. J. D. (Coventryville, Pa.) asks: "Will you answer a constant reader of the Post a few questions, for which she will feel truly grateful? 1st. When a young lady has made an engagement to go out to spend the evening, or to some place of amusement, with a gentleman, is it preferable for her to appear a few minutes after the arrival with hat and coat already on, or should she meet him first and then retire and put on her hat? 2nd. Is it proper to meet him herself, or to send the servant to the door? 3d. When a lady gives a gentleman her autograph album (gentleman living quite near) and he has had it already four months, and occasionally speaks of returning it but does not do it, very seldom calls at the house, but often meets her in public, always having a chat. Now in what way would you advise me to proceed in getting the album without giving the slightest offence? I must have it before the tenth of this month. 4th. Can I use anything to prevent pimples from breaking out in my face. 5th. What name should first be used in introducing a lady and gentleman?" 1st. It would be best to appear without the hat, as the wearing it would be an implied censure for his lateness. 2d. It would be proper to meet him yourself, and quite as proper to send a servant to the door. What best to do in any special case depends upon the circumstances, and the usual custom of the society you move in. 3d. As the term of the month is past, we presume you have the album. As you positively need it, you can give no offence in telling him so, and asking him to return it. 4th. Abstain from rich food, gravies, hot cakes, &c., and take plenty of exercise, in the fresh air, if possible. 5th. The gentleman should be introduced to the lady, except in the case of a young lady and an elderly gentleman, in which the lady should be introduced to the gentleman.

P. O. DAVIS (Houlton, Maine) writes: "I wish to ask the following questions, viz: 1. Is it necessary for a gentleman attending a course of dancing assemblies, but who can only be present occasionally, to take a lady always? 2. When a lady is offering an apology to a gentleman, is it lady-like for another lady, an uninterested party, to join in making the apology? 3. Can I write a hand sufficiently good to a book-keeper?" 1st. It is not necessary in many cases. It may be in the special case to which you refer. It depends entirely on the rules and etiquette of the assembly in question. 2d. We should consider such interference in very bad taste in general cases, though we can conceive of cases in which it would be proper. 3d. Your hand is only moderately good. But all merchants are not equally particular, and it might suit in many cases.

SUBSCRIBER (Tinney's Grove, Mo.) says: "We are forming a Literary Society at this place, and we want to establish a public library for the use of the society. I wish you would inform me, through the medium of your answers to correspondents, where would be the best place to purchase the books, and the names of the best book firms. I also want to know what is the definition of the word 'boomerang.'" There are numerous good book-publishing firms in Philadelphia, any of which would be suitable for your purpose. We may name "J. B. Lippincott & Co." and "T. B. Peterson & Bros.," both of this city. There are others, equally reliable, but these names will suffice. The Boomerang is a weapon of offence, used by the Australian natives in the chase. It is a heavy wooden club, about thirty inches long, three wide and one thick. It is made flat on one side, and convex on the other, and bent into an arc, or an obtuse angle. Its peculiarity is that when forcibly thrown it will, on striking the ground, bound back to the owner, or to the right or left, according to the manner of throwing. The Australians are very skillful in its use.

C. A. P. (Frankfort, Ky.) says: "I have a few questions to ask, and hope you will be kind enough to answer them. 1st. Can you inform me of a reliable book on breeding, rearing and fattening of swine, and what breeds are the best and most profitable? 2d. Please inform me of a work on sheep raising, and what breeds are best for wool. 3d. Also a reliable book on planting, cultivating and digging potatoes on a large scale. 4th. Please inform me of a good catalogue of books, with price list, &c., and where to obtain it." R. Jennings on "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," W. Youatt on "The Pig," or H. S. Randall on "Fine Wool Sheep Husbandry," will give you the information desired. 2d. A. Smee on "Uses and Properties of the Potato, with Cause of Malady," is a good work. L. T. Allen's "American Farm Book," or T. Wilson's "Our Farm Crops" (English) will give you general information on the desired points. 4th. You had better write to the publishing houses mentioned in the previous notice for catalogues of their publications.

J. T. HALL (Indiana) writes: "I take the liberty to ask you a few questions, and hope you will be so kind as to answer. In being introduced to a lady, which is the most proper, to shake hands or bow? What is the proper mode of asking to accompany a young lady home, and to church, &c.)" 1st. It is most polite and correct to bow. Shaking hands is a familiar greeting, and is not applicable to the case of an introduction. Of course, if the lady thinks otherwise she will settle the matter by presenting her hand. 2d. Any polite form of request will answer. It is impossible to give a set form of speech that will suit the multitudinous cases arising. Politeness is the only requisite.

IVY wants to know what "Ingemisco" means, and whence derived. It is a Latin word, meaning "to groan or sigh over a thing." It is derived from the Latin "Ingemitus," a groan.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Pineville, Pa.) asks: "When, where, and by whom was Petroleum discovered?" It would be difficult to answer your question, as the date of its discovery is prehistoric. It was known to the Greeks and Romans. There is a spring at Zante, of which Herodotus speaks. It has been running at least 2,000 years, perhaps much longer. Petroleum was burnt in lamps, for oil, at Agrigentum, in Sicily. It was well known to the American Indians, being collected by them and sold for medicine, under the name of "Seneca" or "Genesee Oil." The first well dug on Oil Creek was by Col. E. L. Drake, of New Haven. They "struck ile" on August 28th, 1859, at a depth of 71 feet.

J. A. W. says: "Please inform me, through your paper, what course I should take to learn to perform on the flute, as it is inconvenient to employ a teacher. 2d. Can any one having a talent for that kind of music become a good performer by practising with the aid of a work of self-instruction?" Talent will enable you to learn anything without a teacher, if you have the requisite books. A teacher is useful in aiding one over obstacles, but is not indispensible. We know a very good flutist who has studied entirely by the aid of books. All you need is patience, perseverance, talent, a flute, and a good elementary work.

☞ It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upward, our minds will themselves grow upward; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence, impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in every thing else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.—*Dr. Arnold.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Feeding Horses During Winter.

A horse, as most horsemen and farmers know, will eat twenty hours out of twenty-four, if he only has anything to eat; but this winter the plan must be changed, and horses must eat what they have to eat in three hours, resting twenty-one. That they will be in better condition for so doing, no one will deny. And if the light hay crop the present season but teaches farmers the correct mode of feeding horses, it will give something in compensation for what it has withheld. Upon this matter hear the opinion of "an old stager."

Mr. W. F. Blunt of Anson—better known to the staging fraternity of twenty years ago as "Billy Blunt," by which familiar name he is yet called—whose knowledge of horse flesh is second to none, says that with nine pounds of hay and three quarts of meal per day, he can make a horse gain in flesh all winter; not a horse that is standing still, but one that is worked all the time. Weigh the hay a few times so as to take up about three pounds at a time, shake this lightly into a tight box crib, and sprinkle thoroughly with cold water, then throw over it a quart of dry meal; do this three times a day, at regular hours. Any horse put upon this fare and fed uniformly, will gain steadily, and perform an amount of work that will surprise those accustomed to feed large measures of hay and grain. The present winter will be a good time to try this plan, especially as most farmers will be forced to some such course on account of the small bulk of hay secured. The exact cost of wintering a horse under this regime can be ascertained in two minutes. It will be found to be much less than many would think.

KEEPING APPLES.—A correspondent asks us how he can keep his winter apples until late in spring, say to the end of May. There is but one answer to make: 1st, the apples must be good keepers, free from bruises or blemish. 2d, they must be spread out on shelves or packed in barrels, and kept in an atmosphere of from forty to fifty degrees, better from forty to forty-five—that is, at a temperature as equable as possible. Some cellars are just the thing and preserve them beautifully. Others are too moist. Where this is the case a few bushels of stone lime should be used.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

AT Elmwood, Illinois, recently, a threshing machine, while in operation, caught fire from the friction of the machinery, and burned up, communicating with and destroying two stacks of grain. The entire loss was about $1,000.

THE RIDDLER.

Metagram.

Three letters compose me—make a change in my first,
And before you bewitching a something will burst,
In a vision of beauty from forest or bower,
Light, airy and graceful, and fair as a flower.
Make a change in my second, a masculine scourge,
In all boist'rous amusements around you will surge—
Then expunging my third, put another in place,
And evil appears often link'd with disgrace.
My whole, in the ages now vanished away,
With the hero and victor came ever in play.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Biblical Word Square.

A wicked king of Judah.
A deep mud.
A prince of Midian.
A mountain which overlooked the promised land.

ISOLA.

Word Square.

Unusual.
A plain surface.
At the back of.
To acquire.

EGO GEO.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin? Ans.—Because he's toward (tor'd) his close (clothes.)

☞ Why are three couples going to be married like penny trumpets? Ans.—Because they go two-two-two.

☞ What is that which fastens two people together, yet touches only one! Ans.—The wedding-ring.

☞ How do you define a ring? Ans.—As a hole with a rim round it.

☞ What is the letter D like a hoop of gold? Ans.—Because we can't be wed without it!

☞ What is better, getting the girl of your choice or a shoulder of mutton? Ans.—A shoulder of mutton; as nothing earthly can be better than getting her you love, and a shoulder of mutton is much better than nothing.

☞ Why would young ladies make good soldiers? Ans.—Because they're accustomed to bear arms!

☞ What is the difference between love and war? Ans.—One breaks heads, the other hearts!

☞ What's the difference between a soldier and an omelet? Ans.—The difference is, that one is equipped to go forth, the other is egg whipped to froth.

☞ What's the difference between a potato and a soldier? Ans.—One shoots from the eye, the other from the shoulder.

☞ What is the difference between a beehive and a diseased potato? Ans.—None at all; as one is a beholder, the other a speck'd tatur.

☞ What's the difference between a piece of honeycomb and a black eye? Ans.—One is produced by a laboring bee, the other by a be-laboring!

☞ When is a small fish-pond like a bird-cage? Ans.—When there's a perch in it.

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—A kiss. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Hate the evil and love the good.

WORD SQUARE—

MONTH
OPERA
NEVER
TREAT
HARTS